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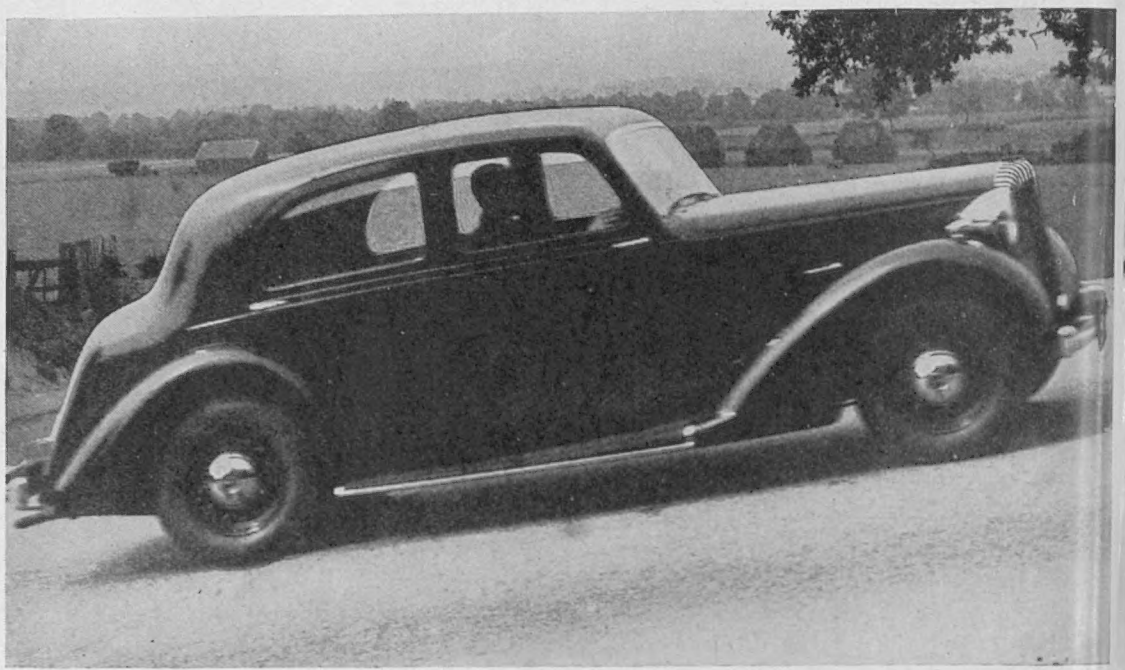

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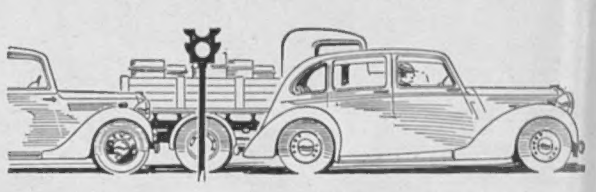

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, October 29, 1938

CANTON FALLS TO JAPAN

Members of the University Students' Emergency Corps Searching Amid the Debris for Victims of an Air Raid Preceding the City's Capture

A year ago this week the Japanese broke through at Shanghai. Now, on the anniversary of that doleful event in Chinese history, two more blows have struck the Republic, with the abandonment of Hankow to the invaders and the flames and the fall of Canton to the expeditionary force which less than ten days previously had landed upon the shores of Bias Bay, near Hong Kong. Japan needed swift and spectacular results to justify the creation of a third theatre of war in South China, and these results have been achieved. The debacle in Canton—the home of Sun Yat Sen and of the democratic ideal—could not have been more complete, and the humiliating news of it must have been a bitter shock to the Chinese armies battling on other fronts. On Monday last Canton burned fiercely all day long as a result of Chinese incendiarism. The centre of the once proud southern capital was an empty shell; fires raged in the western district with no signs of diminishing; refugees poured into the hinterland with the few belongings they could muster; a once large and populous city lay half in ruins. This sudden, overwhelming event has followed on the heels of months of relentless bombing by Japanese planes, some of the dire results of which may be gauged from this picture, which was received by "The Sphere" on the day of Canton's fall, and shows members of the emergency corps, recruited from local university students, searching amid the debris for victims of one of the almost daily attacks from the air

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"THE OCEAN HIGHWAYS ARE OUR LIFEBLOOD, AND IF EVER WE ALLOW OURSELVES TO LOSE COMMAND OR RIGHT OF WAY AT SEA THEN OUR BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS IS DOOMED," said Admiral Sir Edward Evans, Commander-in-Chief, The Nore, as he addressed more than 2,000 officers and boys of the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps at a service of commemoration and thanksgiving held last Sunday in Trafalgar Square in connection with the Trafalgar Day celebrations. The service was conducted by the Dean of Westminster from the plinth of Nelson's column

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4
Wednesday, October 26, 1938.

MINIATURE GENERAL ELECTION.

—The Premier deserved his holiday and returned for a pretty full programme of work before Parliament meets. He has the whole question of national defence to grapple with, for all indications point to the certainty that right up to Christmas all Opposition guns will be turned on this sector, and that attempts will be made to compel him to regard the question of national defence as one still to be tackled *ab initio*, as ground still virgin and unexplored, as a national weakness startlingly and shockingly revealed in the late crisis. Side by side with national defence (to say nothing of national finance) there lies ahead of him the initiation of several vital approaches to the solution of still outstanding causes of unrest in Europe. For his Munich triumph to have historical permanence he cannot afford to wait long before attempting to cash the promissory note won from Hitler and to press forward conversations likely to lead to some measure of bilateral and general agreement to reduce armaments and to modify the worst horrors of barbarism in war. And beyond those vast undertakings rises the shadow of the colonial claims and the pull devil, pull baker, of opposition from the Empire. More instant and domestic is the task of reconstituting the Cabinet and possibly enlarging it. Two ministries are without political chiefs; a new ministry, of Defence, is spoken of. Meanwhile, during the coming weeks a miniature general election is to be staged. Six or seven by-elections will be fought—the antithesis of a khaki election in miniature—and it is easy to prophesy that it will be fought with very plain speaking on the Munich issue. Plenty of work and thought lie ahead for the Premier.

WORLD CONFERENCE ON FUNDAMENTALS.

— The alignment of parties in our domestic politics has been strangely altered by recent events, and many of the old labels and banners are once more uncertain and no sure indications of the policy of their bearers. With the issue clear-cut to the proposition: "We shall have to fight sometime" and its alternative: "War is never inevitable and always obscenity and dementia," we find the National Government aligned with a majority of the Conservatives, with the Pacifists and a section of Labour and Liberals, and on the other side those of all parties who follow Mr. Eden, Mr. Churchill and Lord Lloyd, and, strangely in their ranks, the Communists. Among those who support Mr. Chamberlain's policy are many who are determined by all means to urge on him the immediate importance of clearing the way for a world conference on fundamentals, and among Empire statesmen General Smuts has joined his voice to theirs. The type of conference they have in mind is one which will be convened to examine exhaustively the economic causes of world and European unrest since the war, and in time, and from time to time, to make representations which will ease or remove those barriers to pacification and settlement of grievances. M. Van Zeeland in his admirable report envisaged this type of conference and very wisely urged that the statesmen of the world should by all means avoid convening anything in the nature of a conference *ad hoc*. Any attempt to settle the world anew in a few months by such a world conference, advertised widely and convened *ad hoc*, would be bound to fail and the state of the world would be worse than before through its failure. The only hope of success would rest on something more in the nature of a permanent court of inquiry, each step towards united action being slowly achieved and tested by bilateral agreement and by consultation between nation and nation. Some of the supporters of the idea favour the root and branch reorganisation of the League to that end. They would divorce it from every feature of its past organisation which has made it notorious and unpopular and has stood for failure. Collective security, sanctions, all and any political authority or power in reality or in name must be removed, and only the shell preserved, its basic machinery, its staff and buildings. Thereupon, with a new charter and revised organisation it should be set once more in being to rehabilitate its own reputation by sitting in perpetual conference to examine and advise on these fundamental economic issues. This plan was well put by Lord Ponsonby in a letter last week to *The Times*. Others, just as much set on the initiation of this vital inquiry, consider that its importance is too tremendous to risk failure by building it up on foundations so suspect and to many nations so detestable. They fear that the very name of Geneva or the League would spell failure and distrust, and they urge that a new machinery, a new name, a new location, alone could launch the scheme with hope. Something, perhaps, more on the lines of the Hague Court of International Arbitration might be created to meet the required conditions. It is a subject of which I hope we shall hear a good deal and that soon.

EVACUATION SCHEMES.

—It is abundantly clear that Parliament and the country intend to stimulate and support the Government in swift measures to render Britain less vulnerable to attack from the air. A.R.P. organisation is still being pressed on in all districts though still without any clear indication of policy, though the Home Secretary is about to reveal his second thoughts with a humility rare in cabinet ministers. If one may judge from letters received, from conversations and from press correspondence, one may say that few things have stirred the nation to so much annoyance and anxiety as the panic measures adopted to carry out the evacuation of children and other *bouches inutiles* from London and the big cities. The scheme was a panic measure and few of its implications seem to have occurred to those who conceived it. It was a scheme thrown at the head of local authorities, by them passed on to country vicars, and executed, often with dictator methods, by vicars' daughters riding hot-foot on their bicycles round the parishes. During the crisis, the country dwellers accepted their commitments loyally, and cheerfully attempted to prepare for their responsibilities. But the whole scheme was an absurdity unworthy of a great country, even of a democracy caught all unprepared. In thousands of houses children in large numbers, without adult control, were to be thrown on householders, bedridden, old, or absent all day on war business; were to be dumped "for the duration" in houses lacking servants, lacking even reasonable water supplies, having no provision for rationing; in houses already full of young children, to occupy rooms earmarked for those children's education and rooms earmarked to capacity for the children and elderly relations of the householders. The scheme in its absurdity envisaged a total standstill of education for English children during the years of war, hordes of London children roaming at will over the country houses and cottages of England without supervision and control, water famine, contagion, starvation, and every conceivable example of confusion, disorder, and indiscipline. Small wonder if even our easy-going nation stirred under it. Most people who wrote to me pointing out the weaknesses of the scheme wrote constructive suggestions, and a consensus of constructive opinion favoured the obviously sound plan of erecting at once throughout the country camps with permanent buildings, linked in every case to water mains, and wherever possible (on the American pattern) to electric mains. These camps could be used—they have been long wanted—in peace for country holidays, and if they are sited inland they would afford a welcome relief and healthy alternative to the now congested sea-front. Such camps are a necessity of our social standards to-day, and in war time an essential part of defence. For the rest, any evacuation scheme should take note of large buildings available in country areas, barns, village halls (not schools), and so forth, and earmark them, making provision in the way of equipment, for emergency. It must further envisage the clear right of country householders first to accommodate the children and old

LONDON'S VISITING ROYALTY:

The Crown Princess of Denmark (*left*), formerly Princess Ingrid of Sweden, arriving the Danish Legation on coming up to London from the country where, in compa with the Crown Prince, she has been making her annual stay with her grandfathe the Duke of Connaught. *Right*—The Crown Princess of Italy, formerly Princess Ma Jose of Belgium, pictured during a shopping expedition in Bond Street last we

people among their relations and friends, and must see to it that local committees who comprehend the individual and local domestic problems are responsible for any allocations. In our modern England, whose social enlightenment we constantly applaud, there are whole areas where people live a hand-to-mouth existence, lacking water, light, drainage, and all the amenities for which they pay so highly by rates, and where domestic service is only available if expensively and elaborately recruited from possible "enemy alien" sources abroad. This simple truth is apparently unknown in Whitehall.

PALESTINE.—"Jerusalem is built as a city that is in unity in itself." "O pray for the peace of Jerusalem." The news at the week-end from Palestine at least compels all people of good will, holding many varieties of religious creed, to endorse the second of these quotations from the psalms, and to hope for the preservation and return to peace of the Holy City, and of the cradle of Christianity. Is it too much to hope that, literally at least, that city may in our time justify the statement in the first quotation? The problem of Palestine is a contentious one, only a little less contentious than the Munich Agreement. My daily correspondence proves it. I have been assailed by Zionist organisations for allotting some of the blame for the present state of affairs in Palestine to the Balfour Declaration. I am not alone in that view. Others beside myself (knowing more than I know) have often expressed very forcibly their opinions that the full implications which must result from the mandate, based on that declaration, were not all foreseen or appreciated. Some have gone so far as to say that the smooth working of both were doomed to failure from the start because of racial and economic and political difficulties of an insuperable kind. I feel myself justified at least in repeating that maladministration of the mandate is not the sole cause of failure and present tragedy. Again I have been sharply criticised for stressing Arab grievances above Jewish grievances. Dusty files of the *Newsletter* disprove that charge, and I have never questioned that much of the present discontent is the work of a very small Arab minority of terrorists. Controversial as the whole subject of Palestine is, there is one point of agreement among sane men of every race and religion and opinion and that is that the revolt must be crushed with a firm hand, that that firm hand should long since have been applied, and that only with the restoration of order can justice be done alike to Jew and order-respecting Arab. But the scheme as originally conceived has proved unworkable and to that conclusion I obstinately adhere. Nor is it yet certain that in the findings of the Palestine Commission a workable alternative has been unearthed. The mandate which fell to us may have been politically acceptable and strategically necessary to Britain. It has hitherto proved a *damnosa hereditas*.

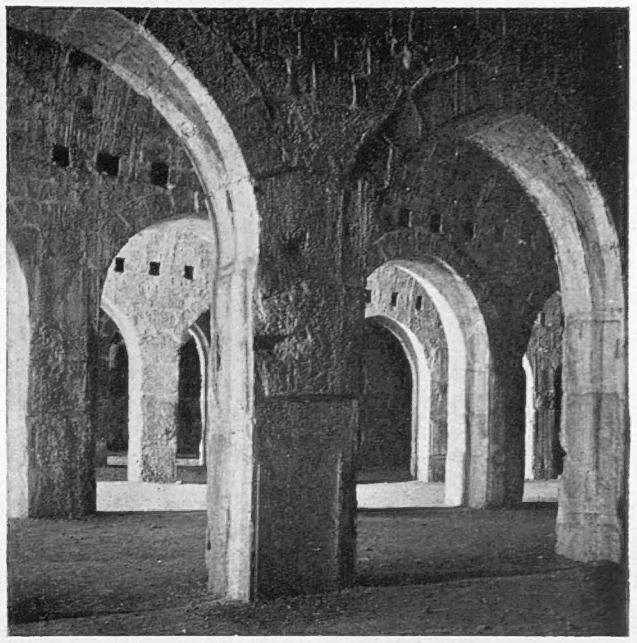
THE KING OF THE BELGIANS and his sister, the Crown Princess of Italy, walking along the platform to the boat train at Dover on arrival in England last week for a short informal stay. They were recently in Paris where they attended the unveiling of the memorial to their father, the late King Albert, and the object of their London visit was ostensibly shopping

UNITY AND SACRIFICE.—Lord Halifax has opened the ball for the Government in a clear and rousing speech, in which he once more defended Mr. Chamberlain's policy and actions in the late crisis and foreshadowed his firm intention to make good the revealed weaknesses in our defences and to follow up without delay the obvious openings for European pacification, of which Munich gave us a short but clear glimpse. Without unity of purpose in the nation and restraint by the critics of the Premier, no progress can be hoped for. Without further heavy sacrifices, a strong Britain cannot be achieved. If ever the patriotic course was clear, it is clear now.

SPAIN—THE TWO VOICES.—The other day I was given two "inspired" opinions on the trend of events in Spain. From a Spaniard who lectures in England and has just returned from Franco territory: "A rising is imminent behind Franco's lines, and the prime cause is sartorial. Food is cheap but the lack of winter clothing is critical. The initiative is now with the Republicans. Franco's men are inferior but his territory bristles with Germans in uniform whose hectoring manner is detested by the Spaniards. Italians are not much seen about, and are only used for garrison duties. A settlement in favour of the Republican Government (now very mild) will be reached this winter." From a source equally authoritative: "Franco must win, but not this year. He has all the armaments and all the best troops."

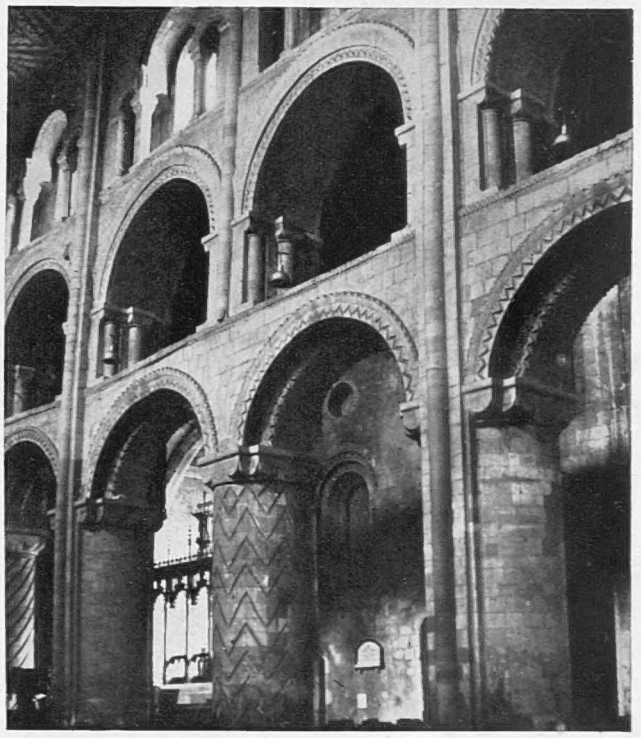
"TIM" HARINGTON.—After nearly fifty years' service in the army, at the age of sixty-six, Sir Charles Harington retires into private life, and relinquishes his last post, the Governorship of Gibraltar. Young as he is, he has been for some time senior general. His time came with the great war. Before then, his rise had been only normal for an obviously marked man. To-day I suppose he retires as "a soldier of the old school." In 1917 we all considered him a very modern product, a brilliant staff officer of vision, imagination, and great humanity. His combination with Plumer in the 2nd Army produced the high lights of army organisation and efficiency and made the 2nd Army a wonderfully happy family and a very great comfort to Lord Haig. Together these two, tradition and experience wedded to youth, energy, and vision, produced the plans for the model battle, Messines, and it is not for nothing that there are streets named after them in Cassel. For our allies knew their merits as well as we. They stood above and outside petty intrigue and personal objectives. General Harington performed a pious duty in writing a memoir of his old chief, Plumer. It is an ingenuous, modest, and touching book, and gives quite a good picture of "Plum" and of his methods, and describes well the problems and tasks which confronted the 2nd Army in that troubled sector. General Harington, with his record, his experience, and his comparative youth, should be good for another ten years of useful service to his country at this hour, and one hopes a suitable job, whether military or quasi-military, will be found for him.

THE TRAVELLER'S GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER, AND FRIEND: This is Miss Laurie Steele, a twenty-three-year-old Sydney girl, who has become an air hostess for K. L. M., the big Dutch air line, and is now working on the Croydon - Amsterdam service



UNDERGROUND JERUSALEM:

A section of the so-called "Stables of Solomon" beneath the Haram-esh-Sherif, Jerusalem's famed Moslem shrine, to which many armed Arabs repaired at the end of last week as British troops gained possession of the greater part of the Old City. An article on the subject of this maze of underground passages—constituting an ideal hide-out for a considerable force—appears on pages 180 and 181 of this issue



WALTHAM ABBEY DISCOVERY:

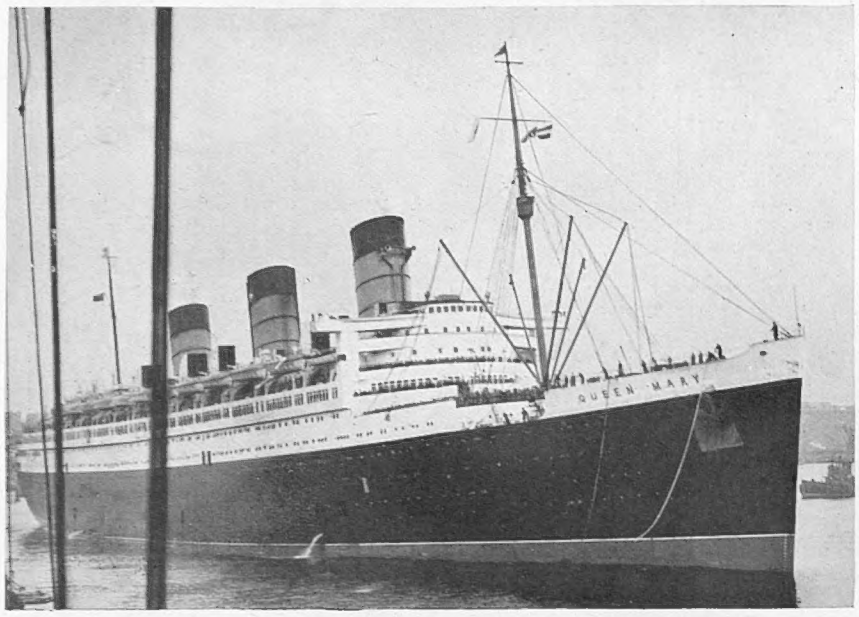
A view of part of the massive pillared interior of Waltham Abbey, much new light on the original size of which has been shed by recent excavations revealing that it must have been one of the greatest ecclesiastical buildings of medieval times. On pages 194 and 195 is a drawing showing how the building probably appeared in its heyday

TWO ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST IN THIS ISSUE

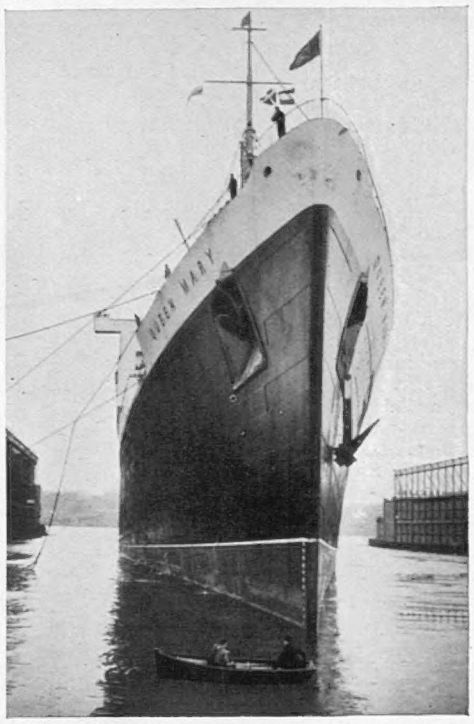
SPENSER'S TOMB.—The plan, announced this week, to open up the tomb of Edmund Spenser in the Abbey has aroused much comment. It was stated that the grave would be explored secretly by the dean, the surveyor, and the keeper of the muniments, and a "representative" of Bacon. One hopes that, as on another historic occasion of tomb-desecration, there will be present a writer of the calibre of the late Lord Redesdale. I find it difficult to believe that the influence of the Baconians secured this big decision. Shakespeare himself put a curse in perpetuity upon any who disturbed his grave. The Baconians believe that by opening up Spenser's grave manuscript elegies written and thrown therein by the surviving great contemporary poets may come to light and that one such will be in the handwriting of Bacon (of which many specimens exist) and over the signature of Shakespeare (of which a few specimens exist); and so the long controversy will be solved at last! It is, I fear, a very outside chance. Shakespeare–Bacon's verse, as he prophesied, is immortal, but the parchment on which Bacon–Shakespeare wrote his verse, if ever it was put in Spenser's grave, is less likely to survive the processes of time and the destructive quality of London clay. And this particular poem stands or falls by the parchment it was written on, for no other copy can exist or have existed for transcription.

THE OLD STAGER

THE "QUEEN MARY" BERTHS UNAIDED



WITHOUT EVEN A SINGLE TUGBOAT TO AID HER, the *Queen Mary*, which is pictured here at the start of the manœuvre, accomplished on October 18 the well-nigh incredible feat of docking herself under her own steam at the Cunard pier in New York, no tugs being available on account of a strike. It was a great risk that her commander, Captain Robert Irving, took, for at slack tide there is only 2 ft. of water under the vessel's keel



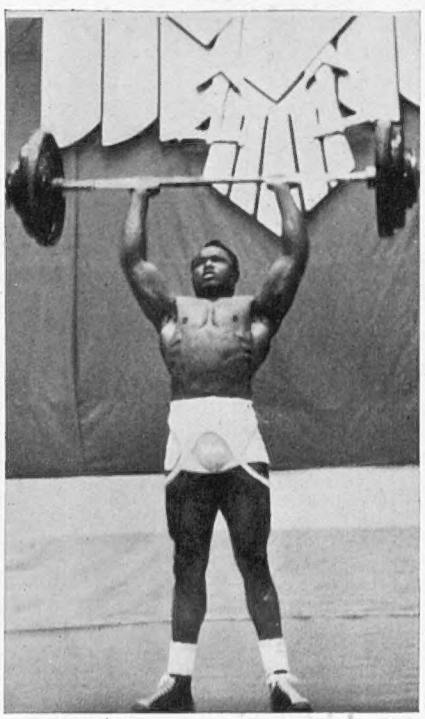
THE MASTER AND HIS SHIP: Captain Irving (*left*), commander of the *Queen Mary*, directing operations as the liner was manœuvred into her berth under her own power. *Right*—The dinghy in the foreground, beneath the *Queen Mary's* towering bows, carried the mooring ropes to the pier as the vessel slowly edged herself alongside

SAFE AND SOUND: The *Queen Mary* made fast to the pier after her commander had succeeded in edging her in by an exhibition of magnificent seamanship. During the operation a hawser broke, leaving only one other 10-in. line to take the strain; but fortunately this held, and within a few minutes three other hawsers were in place and all was well. A minor result of this accomplishment was the saving of £150 in tug fees

NEWS from ITALY:

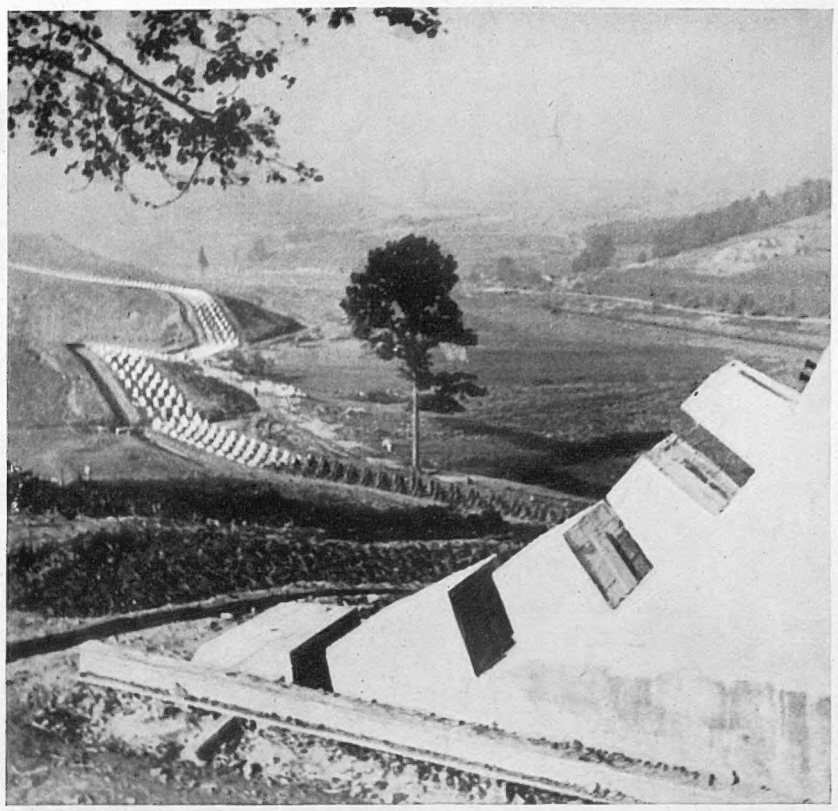
Mussolini wearing a police uniform as he watched a display celebrating the 13th anniversary of the foundation of the Metropolitan Police Force of Rome

HOME FROM SPAIN'S WAR: Italian legionaries crowding the deck of a troopship when they arrived at Naples last week. They were among the 10,000 who have been withdrawn by Signor Mussolini from participation in the civil war, thus helping to clear the way for the formal ratification of the Anglo-Italian Treaty which stipulated such an action. On disembarkation the men were received by King Victor Emmanuel



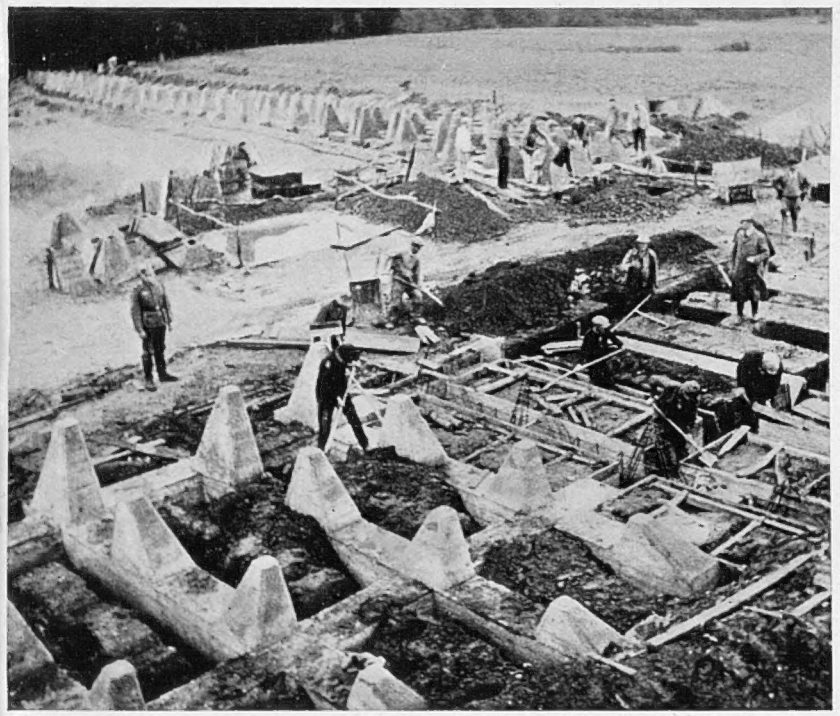
AMERICANA:

Radio singer Ruth Etting being questioned by detectives after her husband had been shot in a Hollywood flat. *Above on left*—John Davis, an American negro, lifting nearly a third of a ton when winning the light-weight world weight-lifting championship in Vienna



NEWS from GERMANY:

A glimpse of the giant anti-tank ramparts which Germany is now erecting along her western front

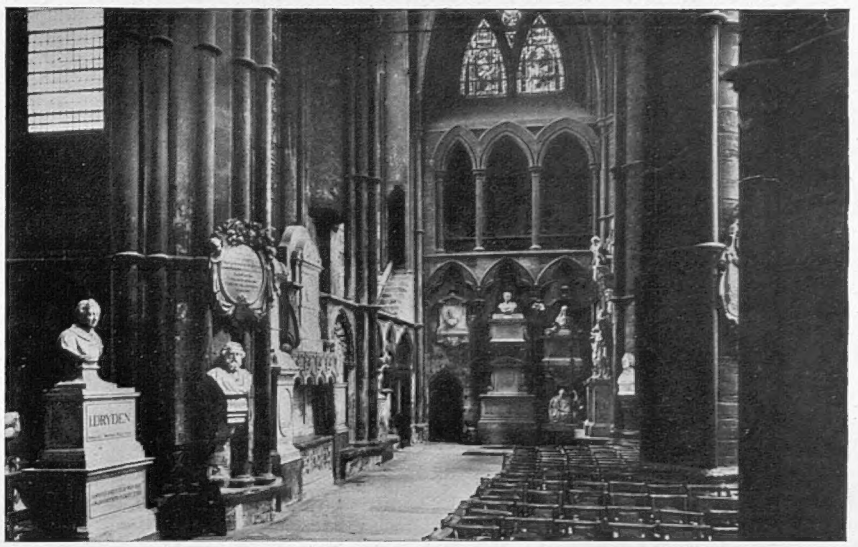


TOMBSTONES FOR TANKS! Work in progress on the line of concrete blocks which Germany is erecting along her western frontier as a barrier against mechanised forces. Five deep, with teeth like cogwheels, they wind across the countryside for seemingly endless miles. Strategically situated behind this barrier are powerful anti-tank guns. Why the German authorities have released this picture is not clear

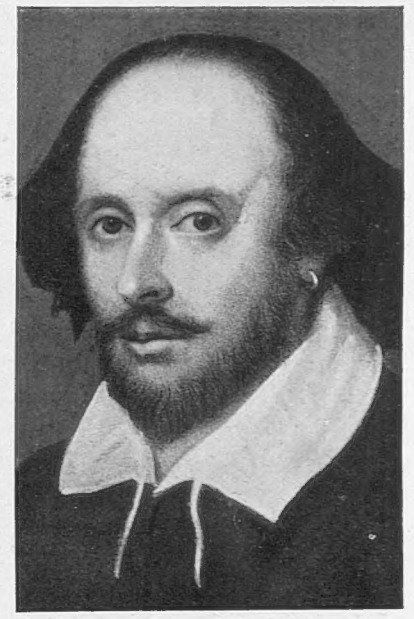
HUNGARY:

General Padusiszky, of Hungary, pictured after marching into Ipolysag which Czechoslovakia has ceded to Hungary in token of a larger cession which has since been under discussion. *Above on left*—Removing a Czech sign from a town in the newly occupied zone

THE PLAN TO OPEN SPENSER'S TOMB

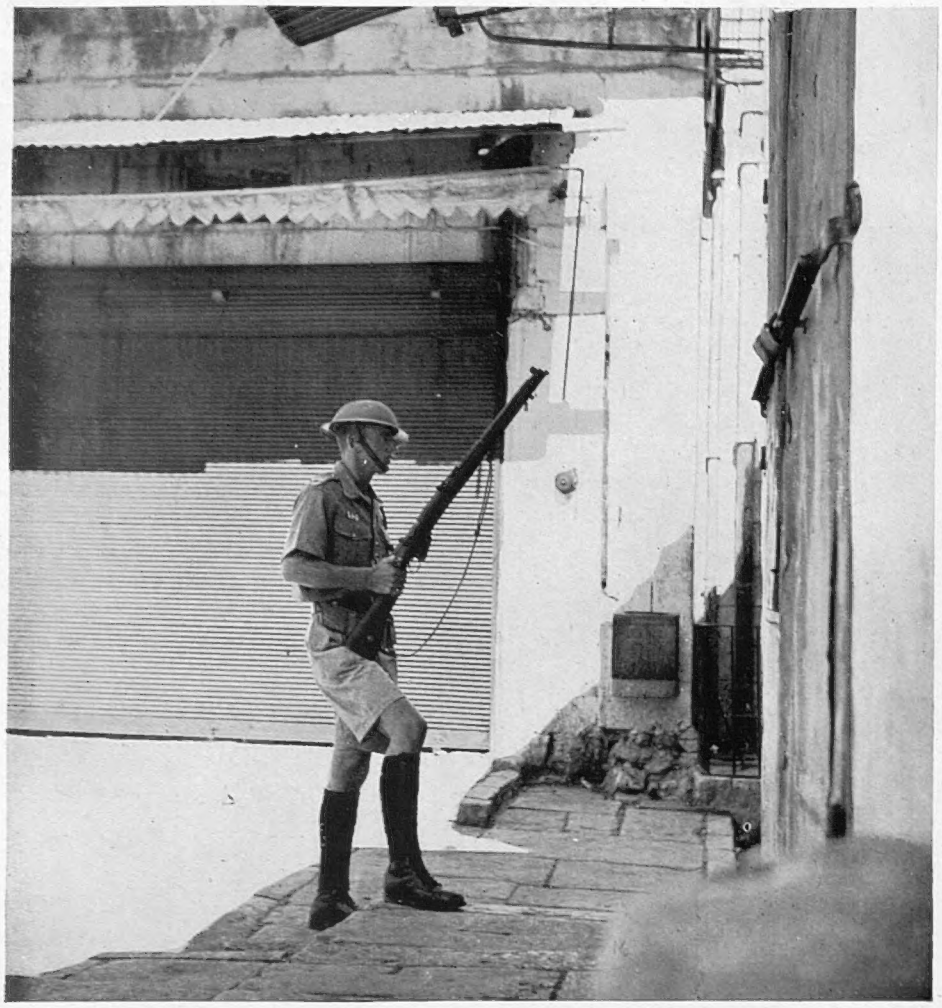


A SEARCH FOR BURIED TREASURE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: A view of the Poets' Corner, showing (in the centre at the far end) the tablet commemorating Edmund Spenser, whose grave nearby, it was announced last week, would be reopened at an early date in the hope that there might be found there a poem in the handwriting of Shakespeare. It is known, from the writings of Camden, that when Spenser was laid to rest in 1599 many of the great poets of the time attended the funeral and placed elegies in the grave. Thus the theory that Shakespeare, being a contemporary, may well have been of the company has given justification to the plans for the search



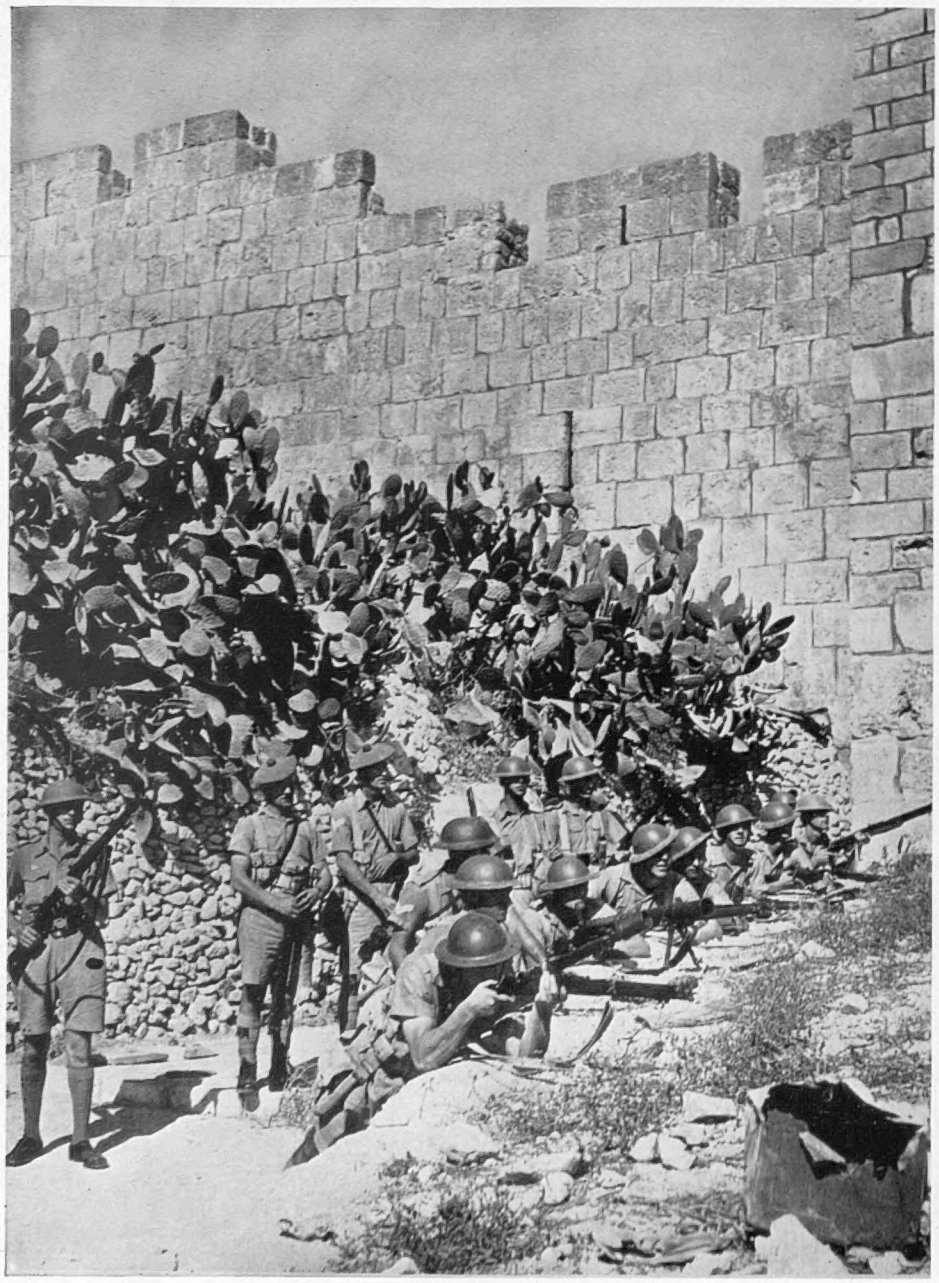
LORD OF VERULAM OR SWAN OF AVON?: Although with much lessened force, arguments as to whether Bacon (*left*) or Shakespeare wrote the famous plays have persisted in certain quarters. A few days ago it became apparent that there was at last a real chance of the question being settled for good and all. If a poem should emerge written in a hand similar to one or other of the Shakespeare signatures in existence, it was felt that pro-Baconian arguments would have little further value

A SECRET OF THE AGES: *Left*—Edmund Spenser, and (*right*) the tablet commemorating him in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. His tomb lies a short distance away. When the announcement was made last week that the tomb was to be reopened it was stated that a Baconian would be present, but at the time nothing was said about a Shakespearean expert attending. Many averred that this was distinctly unjust

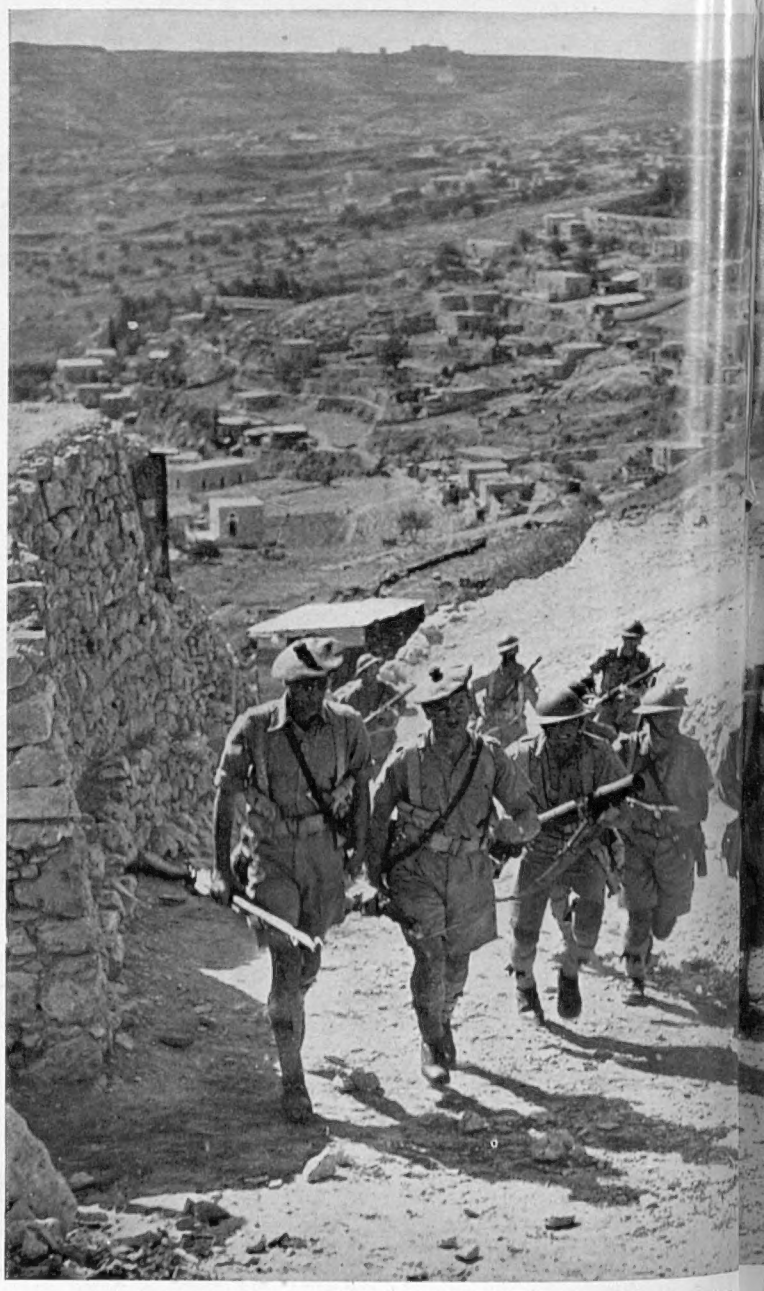


BRITAIN MAKES A FIRM STAND: A British soldier on duty in a deserted Jerusalem street following the occupation of the older part of the Holy City last week when, at one lightning stroke, the army delivered its answer to the Arab leaders who claimed they were masters of Palestine's capital. Though Jerusalem is not the only Arab stronghold, the restoration of order there is regarded as a symbolical reassertion of authority throughout the country

EVERY SHOP WAS SHUTTERED AND BARRED: A sentry in one of Jerusalem's deserted streets during the curfew, which was lifted on October 22 following the restoration of order in the greater part of the Old City. *On right*—A sketch map of Palestine showing points of particular import in relation to the present conflict. Along the northern and north-eastern frontiers is Tegart's Wall—the great barbed-wire barrier created in order to prevent Arab bands from crossing into Syria and Transjordan. Also marked are the railroad system and the Iraq oil pipeline



GUARDING THE CITADEL: Men of "B" Company, the Black Watch, on duty in the western quarter of the Old City where they took up their position as other troops began mopping-up operations on October 19, gradually driving the armed Arabs into the sacred area known as the Haram-esh-Sherif. The men in the Citadel were subjected for several hours to the attentions of snipers, but by last Saturday all was quiet in their area, which is near the Jaffa Gate



BRILLIANT TACTICS: A small detachment of British troops about to enter the Dung Gate in the south-eastern corner of the Old City as the army delivered its lightning stroke against the rebel-held Old City on the morning of October 19. These men marched right through to the Damascus Gate at the northern end of Jerusalem, where they attacked

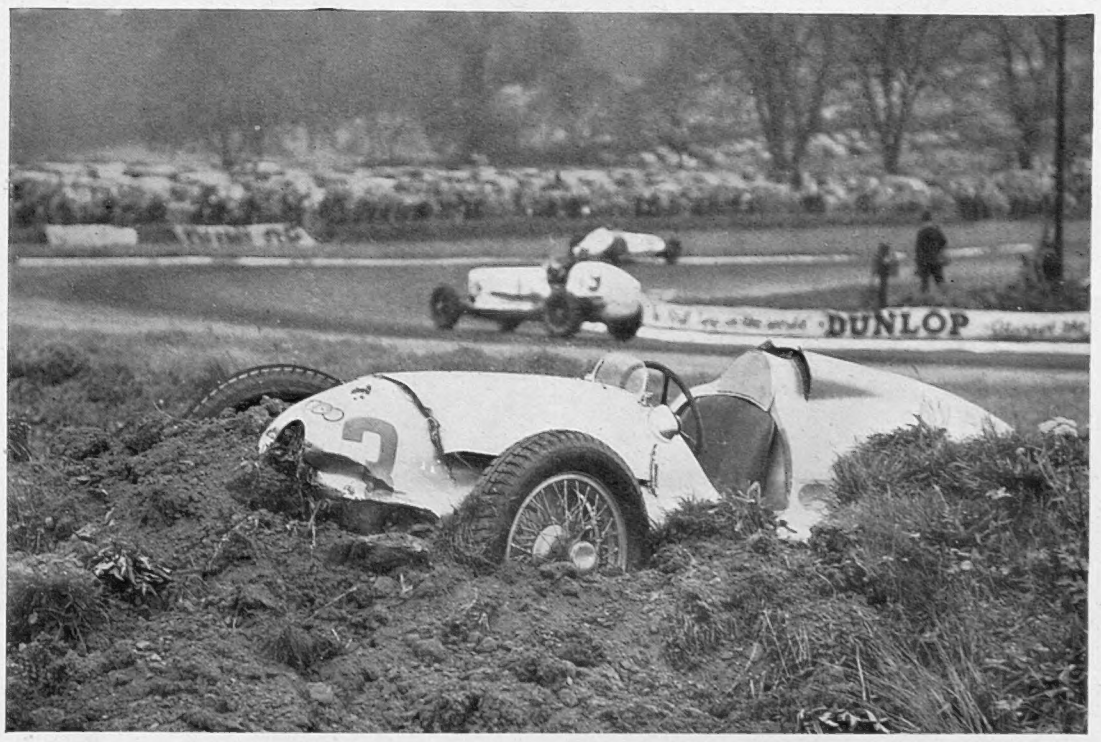
A LIGHTNING STROKE IN JERUSALEM

The Army Completes the First Stage in the Pacification of Palestine : Resistance Quickly Subdued

in the rear a number of armed Arabs who had made an internal barricade. Other units at the same time entered by way of the Zion and Jaffa Gates, and within a few hours almost complete order was restored. See map, on pages 180 and 181 of this issue, showing the layout of Jerusalem

THE NEW GIANT MAKES HER MAIDEN FLIGHT: Passengers embarking on the Imperial Airways air liner *Ensign* as she was about to leave Croydon on her first trip to Le Bourget, which she reached in 1 hr. 19 mins. *Ensign* is the first of a fleet of 14 machines ordered for the Empire and Continental routes, and constitutes a remarkable advance in passenger comfort. Even the 6 ft. passenger now has 4 ft. clear of head-room, while during luncheon on the maiden flight it was noted that glasses of wine on the tables scarcely registered a tremor

A THRILLING GRAND PRIX AT DONINGTON PARK: Tazio Nuvolari, the Italian ace, rounding the last bend when winning this important 250-mile race with his 3-litre, 12-cylinder German Auto-Union at an average speed of 80·49 m.p.h. He was followed home by H. Lang in a Mercedes-Benz and Richard Seaman, the British driver, in another Mercedes. The winning car in the 1937 race was also an Auto-Union and a Mercedes-Benz was also second



A GERMAN CAR COMES TO GRIEF AT MELBOURNE CORNER: The Auto-Union driven by Kautz, of Switzerland, embedded in the embankment after crashing early on in last Saturday's Grand Prix at Donington Park, where an enormous crowd, estimated at over 60,000 people, witnessed a series of thrilling duels between Europe's crack drivers. The high speed of the German cars along the switchback straight and round the winding section through the woods was a truly memorable sight. At some moments they were travelling at 160 m.p.h. and over

CARDINAL INNITZER DEFIES the NAZIS

Conciliation Fails, So Austrian Catholics Make a Stand Against Interference

IN the early days of the Anschluss, Cardinal Innitzer, Archbishop of Vienna, welcomed the National Socialist regime and tried to reconcile State and Vatican at the risk of losing public support and of rousing strong opposition to himself.

The Vatican, however, would not recognise the Anschluss and held that the original Austrian Concordat was still in force. This Concordat, made some years ago under the Schuschnigg Government, was far more liberal than the Concordat made between the Vatican and the Nazi Government in Germany. Under it the Church was allowed freedom of action in questions of teaching and welfare.

Cardinal Innitzer's aim, to which he gave emphatic expression at the time, was to adapt the Concordat to the new regime.

While accepting his submission, the Nazis showed that it was only what they expected and not a reason for concessions on their part. No greater restraint was noticeable in their dealings with the Church; in fact, attacks on the Papacy in semi-official papers became more frequent. One law after another was promulgated which lessened the influence of the Church.

After the failure of their earlier attempts to find a compromise, the Cardinal and his colleagues tried for some time, by their uncomplaining attitude, to conciliate Nazi feeling.

At the end of the summer a new marriage law appeared whereby marriages, which were previously legal only if performed by the Church, had in future to be authorised by the State. In August the *Volksbund der Katolischen Osterreich*, the largest Catholic association in Austria, was liquidated. Its function was cultural and scientific and it organised pilgrimages to Rome and Palestine. Its newspapers had already been prohibited.

On September 1 the *Volkischer Beobachter* announced the final closing of all Roman Catholic schools in Austria. This was to be one of several "reforms" to be initiated on September 19, the opening day of the school year. Special messengers on bicycles carried curt official notes to every convent and monastery, informing them that their examinations would not entitle students to enter universities as the examinations of State schools did. The pupils of religious schools would henceforth have to pass a special examination at the end of each year.

The Austrian bishops held a secret conference in Vienna, and on September 4 a pastoral letter, secretly distributed, was read from all pulpits. In this letter Cardinal Innitzer and his colleagues spoke openly against the secularisation of marriage, the closing of the Church schools, and the exclusion of priests and nuns from schools, hospitals and public institutions. The letter was a direct challenge to Nazi religious domination.

A further sign that the Cardinal has abandoned his former complacence, and is prepared to make a fight, is his attitude to the "Union of Religious Peace."

This union was formed by a group of Austrian priests, who accept Nazi doctrine unreservedly, with the object of breaking with Rome and founding a national church. As head of the Roman Catholic Church in Austria, Cardinal Innitzer has signed a decree banning all members of the Union and depriving them of their duties and privileges as priests. This decree was suppressed by the authorities, but a copy was sent privately to every priest.

The layman in Austria is taking little part in the quarrel; partly because he is frightened—in several instances Catholics have been refused work.

At the moment the situation is at a deadlock. There are rumours that Church property will soon be expropriated, and convents, monasteries, and other Church institutions abolished.

The closing of the Church schools is already a deadly blow, as they were the clergy's chief means of support.

It is understandable, considering the nature and strength of their political views, that the Nazis wish to alter the rather exclusive education given in some of the Church schools. In Kalksburg, the Schotten Gymnasium, Feldkirk, and Seidenstatten, the sons of aristocratic and intellectual families received the usual State education, but in surroundings and under influences which were designed to fit them for a cosmopolitan and cultured society.

But that the whole system should be eradicated is another proof of the monotonous level of Nazi intelligence. For the education given at schools such as Kalksburg developed a sense of spiritual and social obligations which could only enrich the minds of the young, of whatever social class. The relationship between priests and boys was similar to that between masters and boys at an English public school. Example and understanding were as important as instruction.

One of the objects of National Socialism is to train and produce leaders—men who in all respects are capable of influencing their fellows for the improvement of the State. For many generations this task has been the prerogative of the Church, though the aim was unconscious rather than conscious. Time will show whether the pattern-produced type will satisfy all the needs of a nation.

Rosemary Congreve

"THEY LEAPT TO ARMS UNBIDDEN": These young men are members of the Canton University Students' Emergency Corps, a voluntary organisation pledged to help in the work of national defence. Since the fall of Canton they have joined the Kwangtung Army in Hunan

BEFORE CANTON FELL: Students in Boy Scout uniforms leaving Sun Yat Sen School, which lies just outside the city

NATIONLESS: These Jewish folk were recently expelled from one of the ceded zones of Czechoslovakia by the German political police. They sought sanctuary in Czechoslovakia but were refused admittance, so now they are camping in pitiful plight in the neutral land between, wondering just what is to become of them

MR. GREY WORNUM, the well-known decorative architect, pictured on arrival at Plymouth in the *Queen Mary*. He has charge of the interior decorations in the *Queen Elizabeth*

A STATESMAN'S RETREAT: Mr. Bohus Benes, nephew of ex-President Benes, talking with a police officer outside his Putney villa where he is acting as host to Dr. Benes during his London stay

THE TRIPLE ATTACK ON HANKOW: A sketch map showing by arrow markings the three lines along which Japan advanced on the great city. One was on the north bank of the Yangtse, one on the south bank, and the other some 200 miles to the north. Beneath the names of some of the towns are given the dates of capture

AFTER CANTON—HANKOW

How Japan Developed Her Big Attack

On Sunday last Hankow and her neighbour cities on the Yangtse heard for the first time the sound of the Japanese guns, and Japanese warships were only ten miles from the city. On Monday the Chinese abandoned Hankow to its fate and to the flames which they themselves had started, and thus, swift upon the news of Canton's fall, came to an end another phase in the Sino-Japanese war drama. In the following notes our correspondent describes the long-drawn-out battle for Hankow, showing how it has been steadily developed during the past few months.

THE attack on Hankow, said to be defended by some 800,000 Chinese troops, which really started about the beginning of last July, has been developed along three alternative, if not quite simultaneous, lines of advance. Apart from the river itself, these are (1) along the south bank of the Yangtse river; (2) along the north bank, both of which have the advantage of support from the naval forces; and (3) in a westward cross-country direction from the Hofei (Luchow) district about 90 miles north of Anking, with the object of cutting the Peiping–Hankow Railway somewhere north of Hankow.

In the third week of August the Japanese opened out on these three main lines of advance. On the north bank very severe fighting followed, some important towns such as Hwangmei and Taihu changing hands more than once. Intermittent floods again had their effect for a while.

On the south bank an advance from Kiukiang along the northern section of the Kiukiang–Nanchang Railway took the Japanese as far as Juichang, in the first line of Hankow's defences, by August 24. South and south-east of this, however, among the hilly terrain the Chinese were in very strong force, and terrific fighting took place around Mahweiling, just north of Tehan (Teian). Here in early September the Chinese scored one of their too few big successes, defeating the Japanese on a scale said to be comparable to their great victory of Taierchwang in Shantung last April. This held up the Japanese advance westwards for more than a month, while the attack on Nanchang seemed for the time being to have fizzled out.

On October 18, with the help of considerable reinforcements and intensive aerial attacks from hundreds of military and naval planes, the Japanese advanced sufficiently to threaten Tungshan—a strategic point on the east-to-west highway—Sienning on the Hankow–Canton Railway, and about 60 miles south of Hankow, as well as Yochow, an important point on that railway and the local highways. At the same time the Japanese also captured Tehan, which so bravely held out for two months.

The northernmost line of attack on its western drive across country towards the Peiping–Hankow Railway started in the last week of August from the area of Hofei, some 90 miles north of Anking and 200 miles east of the railway. This developed along the northern slopes of the Tapiehshan (mountains) and along the main east-to-west highways through south Honan. Though meeting with strong opposition, especially in the Kushih–Shangcheng–Kwangchung triangle, the progress here was more rapid. The Japanese captured Luan (August 28), Shangcheng (August 29), Kushih (September 8), Kwangchow (September 22) and Loshan (September 23). They reached the Hankow–Peiping Railway in the vicinity of Sinyang about the same time. Incidentally, one Japanese force approached this area by boats up the Hwai River from Pengpu, it having risen considerably due to overflowing from the Yellow River, making the river in places 700 to 1,000 yards wide and 20 ft. deep. The distance travelled in this way was some 200 miles in 10 days, so they seem to have had this route pretty much to themselves.

Edwin H. Judd

PALESTINE'S BIG PROBLEM:

The Muslim *(top)*, Jewish *(above)* and Christian *(right)* elements each must have a place in the life of the Holy Land, and it is the unenviable task of Britain, the mandatory power, to devise a means by which they may live in harmony. In the Old City of Jerusalem there are now about 13,000 Muslims, 2,500 Jews, and 8,000 Christians

b

EUROPE'S MAN-MADE FRONTIERS

Some Personal Experiences at these Meeting Places of the Nations Where the Traveller Receives Such Varying Kinds of Treatment

By FERDINAND TUOHY

SUDETENS HAULING DOWN A CZECH FRONTIER POST as the German army was approaching Sudetenland

KNOCKING down Czechoslovakian frontier signs—stone pillars, wooden poles and barriers in the national colours—has been a favourite pastime of recent weeks: so rapid and all-encompassing was the withdrawal, one wonders if any country in history had ever before to move back from so many of its frontier posts within so brief a spell.

At the great break-up of the central empires twenty years ago, frontier signs were not automatically obliterated. This process was to wait until the several treaties gradually traced the new territorial jigsaw, and in the meantime it was not unusual to see German or Austrian or Hungarian officials doing duty at the old frontier passages beside representatives of the victorious Allies.

Our only land frontier in these islands divides northern from southern Ireland, and something of a joke it is, anyway on the Sabbath, when endless northerners athirst troop the live-long day across from bone-dry Sunday Ulster to the dripping adjacent "south." (Cattle have also been known to troop across unbeknown to the authorities.)

Abroad, in "Balkanised Europe," duly designated passages of the frontier by rail and road, points where one may alone legally pass from one country to another, must top the 1,000. There is no way even of guessing: I visualise in the region of fifty for France alone.

I found Czech frontier personnel among the least come-hither of the tyne, and wrote so in the past. Curious how the different nationalities vary in their bearing "at the frontier." Some dour and suspicious, others cheery. I should put the French in the latter category, but with the qualification that if *ces messieurs* can be friendly and easy-going with some—as with ourselves—they can be mighty different with other breeds.

My last crossing into Czechoslovakia lay on the Vienna–Tabor main road, and an undistinguished affair it was. Vienna had refused to supply more than ten Czech crowns, and here I was, on the threshold of Czechland, being held up for fifteen crowns for a five-day motoring permit. Verbal alarums and discourses, finally clinched by the Czechs deigning to accept Austrian currency. But how they did laugh as I drove away, when from a cracked radiator gushed a miniature waterfall directly I re-started the engine.

Whereby hangs a tale probably unique in motoring lore. It was a Czech national holiday, all garages to Prague closed except for petrol, and in consequence that radiator had to be filled up every quarter of an hour throughout the day. And as most times the only water to be had was at inns whose tenants demurred unless you ordered the wine of the country—beer—at the same time as the water, well—it developed into a remarkable contest between yours truly and that radiator. So much so that, arrived on the high outskirts of Prague, I deemed it unwise to navigate a new capital in such circumstances and continued by taxi to the hotel.

The oddest frontier I have ever crossed consists of the floor of a café at Les Rousses, up in the Jura behind Geneva. On one side of that café you are drinking Swiss Fendant in Switzerland. A few paces across the room and you are drinking French Arbois in France. I forget exactly how it happened but imagine it had something to do with the property or will of a past owner of the inn.

Not many railway stations constitute actual frontiers, but Basle does, and for three countries: France, Switzerland, and Germany. You cross, literally, from platform to platform via the usual process of customs and passports.

Crossing the Bidassoa bridge from Hendaye into Franco Spain necessitates a triple process to be encountered nowhere else. The business actually begins at St. Jean de Luz, where an official of the Burgos regime vets you. At the bridge itself, where two years ago raged furious battle, there is always a crowd of onlookers who manage to get a kick from gazing across at the outposts of a country locked in civil war. Once arrived therein, you are photographed, your finger-prints are taken, and one of those wizard calculating machines ordains just how many Franco pesetas the sterling you are carrying represents. And then you take a taxi for Irun station.

No such formalities on the Barcelona side. Only, young militiamen are rigidly inquiring into why you want to enter Government Spain, and you've got to back everything up with prior-controlled documentary proof. One's main memory here is the buffet at Cerbère station, for a more assorted frontier collection of travellers it would be hard to conceive. Entries from Catalonia ravenously setting about quite ordinary *table d'hôte* meals; International Brigade returning south, packed chiefly with cigarettes and soap; police, soldiers, detectives; agents, middlemen, buyers, here to check the transfer to Spain of everything from tinned victuals to spare "machinery" parts; voluntary workers of both sexes, in transit; official eye-witnesses and scribes and smugglers and spies and other dark human trimmings lured by gain into this side of the fratricidal struggle. A short, often bombed tunnel from Cerbère to Port Bou is the link between two worlds, one in plenty, the other deprived.

Turn to the Straits of Gibraltar. Between the Rock and La Linea is a regular military barrier, gates and stonework across the wide roadway. The checking by military police is masterly in its swiftness—and it has to be, for over 4,000 British subjects, living in Spanish La Linea but working in "Gib," cross and re-cross daily, to say nothing of a varied tourist trickle off passing liners, and Spaniards and others on business or camouflaged or escaping. There's a 400 yards No Man's Land before Nationalist Spain puts you through it.

Quarter of a mile from my hotel in Tangier, a mere stroll along the sands, and I was in a railway station being rigorously examined by Franco Spain prior to the brief crossing of Spanish Morocco, and so on to French Casablanca. This frontier is periodically closed, while there are sinister tales of individuals marked down by the Franco-ists being forcibly taken for a ride across it, so close does it lie to the hub of international Tangier.

The most annoying frontier incident I can recall befell at Eeschen, crossing by road from Breda to Antwerp. I declared an old and fruity typewriter which the Belgian customs man promptly set about sealing. After which, he handed me an invoice and asked for 200 francs, which would be returned when I left Belgium, provided the seals on my typewriter remained unbroken. So, believe it or not, I had to hire a second machine in Brussels, with my own sealed up on the floor beside me, in order to do my stunt for you that week. Belgium looks more askance at typewriters than any other country; they are dear there, and the suspicion is that you may be intending to do a deal with yours.

Travellers know that feeling of being happy at the approach of some frontiers; conversely, of spirits sinking as others draw nigh. In this Europe I have been augmentingly glad to get back into France, being a personal-liberty-loving hound. But it is not a French frontier that sent me off on this tack, rather the Polish station that feasts and comforts the returning Moscow-Warsaw traveller. After scant Soviet rations, the Poles deliberately lay themselves out to give you lashings of the best food, though the cleanliness they and their surroundings radiate must make equally good propaganda. As a fact, everything is seen in a glow, caused by the Return to the West.

Danzig is all frontiers; how long things will so remain is no doubt known only to Herr Hitler and Oberst Beck, the pair of whom, I'm convinced, have a deal all fixed up with regard to Germany re-acquiring her Pomeranian and other eastern minorities, in return for which Poland will be compensated at the expense of Another. However, you never talk politics at frontiers, not if you have any sense, so let us proceed.

Trainloads of good Nazis while crossing the Polish Corridor are locked in their compartments by the Polski until they arrive in East Prussian territory. That's the only locking-in that I know of, and a passing thought tells that on this identical line Lenin and his companions were similarly locked in while being shunted by Ludendorff from Switzerland to Russia in 1917.

Always tell the truth at frontiers, not only on the ethical side but because it can pay. Once, at Dieppe, I failed to declare 3 lb. of sausages I was bringing to Paris friends, and the Douane made me pay about twice their cost. Some time later, I brought over two small Irish hams buried in a gladstone bag.

"Anything to declare?"

"Two hams."

"You always will have your joke *allez, sérieusement!*"

"Two hams."

"You open, then, a pork butcher's at the least? *Allez, fous le camp!*" (marking the bag without examining its contents).

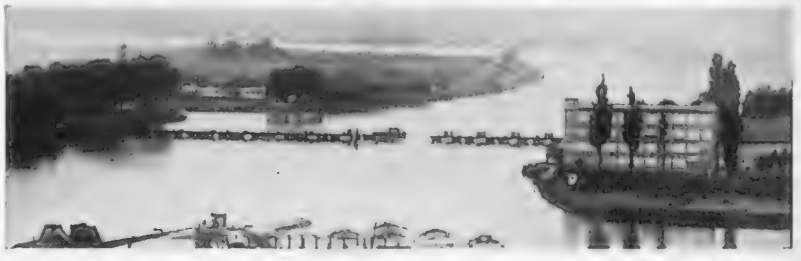
A delectable frontier crossing is that by ferry from Copenhagen to Malmoe. It takes 45 mins.-during which time you stoke with a perfect smörr, brodt lunch and absorb incisive akvavit. Customs and passport men may come and go; you are glued to that board, in something of a haze.

I've never been to Bulgaria but understand that country constitutes the other extreme, all soaked in frontier functioning. Further, that Bulgaria is one of the rare countries you may not even fly over, in a regular air liner, without coming down and reporting to terrestrial functionaries about it.

For smuggling, Blanc Misseron and neighbourhood. This is the Franco-Belgian region south of Lille, through whose frontier barriers lorries laden with tobacco have been known to crash, on the way down to France, of bad, government monopoly tobacco. At Blanc Misseron I have watched the leather seats of a luxury car being slashed open in a search for dope and/or gold. Far more smuggling is now done by road than by rail. Going into Germany, at Bentheim I was hauled up by the Nazis, and very nearly could not continue in the same train, because a *Manchester Guardian Weekly*

(Continued on page 206)

WHERE FRANCE AND GERMANY COME FACE TO FACE: The frontier post at Forbach, the town on the road from Metz (Alsace-Lorraine) to Saarbrucken



AS A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE this bridge across the Rhine between France and Germany was cut by the French authorities during the recent crisis. It is near Basle

NO LONGER A FRONTIER: The bridge at Teschen which once divided Poland and Czechoslovakia. During the crisis all Teschen was ceded to Poland

ARAB TERRORISM IN PALESTINE, AND HOW IT IS BEING COMBATED

Armoured Cars Patrol the Railroad System—Police Convoy the Potash Lorries From the Dead Sea up to Jerusalem

MORE ARAB TERRORISM: This freight train wreck was brought about by Arabs who withdrew bolts from a section of the line between Palestine and Egypt, thus overturning the waggons and two engines. The railway has been a constant target of the rebels during the past critical months

Below—
A TROOPER OF THE SCOTS GREYS, our only surviving cavalry regiment, seen at Haifa as he brought swords ashore from a troopship

THEY CALL THEM THE "SUICIDE SQUAD": Members of the crew of an armoured rail car about to set out on patrol duty. They have to perform the dangerous task of going in front of trains on the Palestine railway system, keeping a look-out for land mines and sections of damaged line. In order to give themselves a greater measure of safety they are now trying out a new trolley which they push before them. Thus if a mine does explode they are not directly above it

A POTASH LORRY OUTSIDE THE JERUSALEM TRAFFIC OFFICE and a police armoured car standing in front after convoying it from the potash works by the Dead Sea. A "Sphere" reader who sent in this picture wrote in a covering letter dated October 8: "The potash lorries have had a terrible time. The drivers are always more or less in danger of their lives, and carry arms. These great Diesel 6-wheelers at the best of times have a difficult road of hairpin bends to negotiate as they climb from the Dead Sea depths, below sea level, up the mountains to Jerusalem"

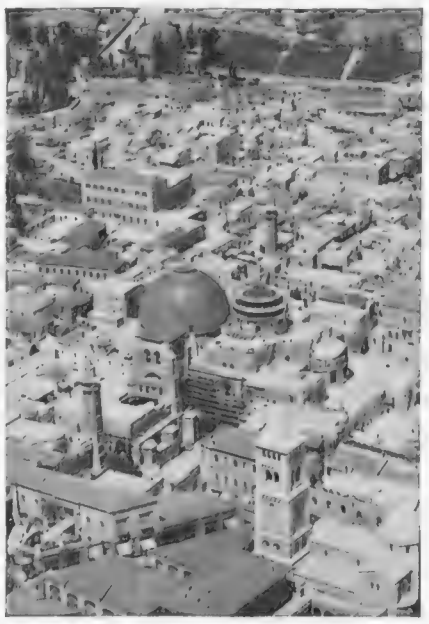
THE WORCESTERS IN BETHLEHEM: Men of the 1st Battalion seen on arrival in the ancient town where they are maintaining order. In the background are the ruins of one of the buildings which were burnt out by terrorists when they took almost complete possession of the place. At the end of last week the Army had restored a large measure of order throughout Palestine

JERUSALEM FROM THE AIR: A view showing in the middle distance the walled-in Old City, where on October 19 the British military forces, charged with the pacification of the Holy Land, delivered a lightning-like blow against the Arabs, and within two hours gained a large measure of control, few casualties being suffered on either side. In the right centre of the picture is the Haram-esh-Sherif, which ranks with Mecca, Medina, and Hebron among the four great holy places of the Muhammadans, and it was to this fortress-cum-shrine that the Arabs withdrew as the British forces gradually closed in. The problem of dislodging them without the use of force promised to be difficult

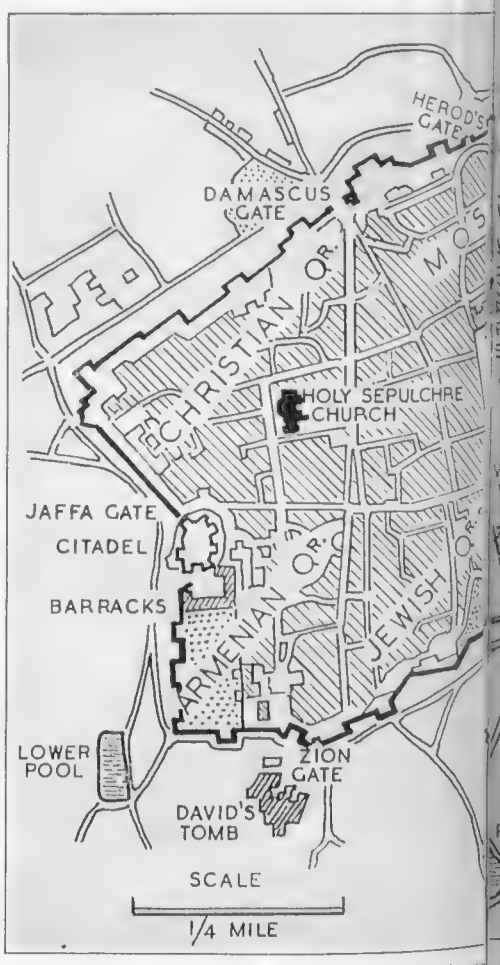
GARRISONED BY THE BLACK WATCH AND THE WEST YORKSHIRES: The Citadel on the west side of the Old City where the above-named forces took up positions when the High Commissioner began putting into operation his plans for placing Jerusalem under military control and for clearing it of the armed Arabs. On October 19 bombs were thrown at the Citadel but did little damage, and at times there was intense sniping

On October 18 the Arabs were boasting they were masters of Jerusalem. On October 19 the British Army acted, and with one lightning stroke revealed how little real strength lay behind the rebel utterances. By October 20, Jerusalem was almost normal, but it remained for the military to tackle the Arabs in the fastnesses of the sacred Haram-esh-Sherif. Within this area there is a maze of vaults of strategic value, and in the following notes a correspondent describes them.

A CITY set upon a rocky spur of the Judaean hills, a city, moreover, chiefly dependent until recently on the



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, with its vast domed roof, is ringed round by a mass of buildings. During the events of October 19 few incidents took place in this area, which lies in the heart of the Christian quarter



THE OLD CITY OF JERUSALEM: A sketch ma lem, Armenian, and Jewish quarters, all of whic the British forces made their lightning attac the whole city and then troops marched in throug the British police guarding the Jewish area fro 6.30 a.m. on the morning of October 19 the 3r Guards entered through the Dung Gate and marche cus Gate where they attacked in the rear a part internal barricade. Meanwhile other units entere Jaffa Gates, their object being to drive the arme from which they could not escape. By nightfa were in almost complete control, but had no

BRITISH TROOPS OCCUPY JERUSALEM

Fictures and Plans Illustrating the Dramatic Events Leading Up To and On October 19, When Our Forces Gained Control

THE SACRED ARAB AREA: A close-up view of the Haram-esh-Sherif, one of the great holy places of the Muhammadan world, which is situated in the south-east corner of the Old City of Jerusalem. During the British entry on October 19, when it was reported that large numbers of Arabs were repairing to this shrine, a cordon was immediately drawn round it. The Haram-esh-Sherif is eight acres in extent and underneath it are vast substructures, miscalled "Solomon's Stables," and a honeycomb of minor passages, providing cover from which it would never be easy to dislodge a well-armed force

storage of the winter rains for its water-supply through the long, rainless months of summer, Jerusalem underground is honeycombed as are few other cities in the world. So maze-like are the ramifications of its rock-cut cisterns and water-channels and passages that the services of an eminent archæologist have been needed to advise the troops now charged with clearing the Arab rebels from those age-old fastnesses.

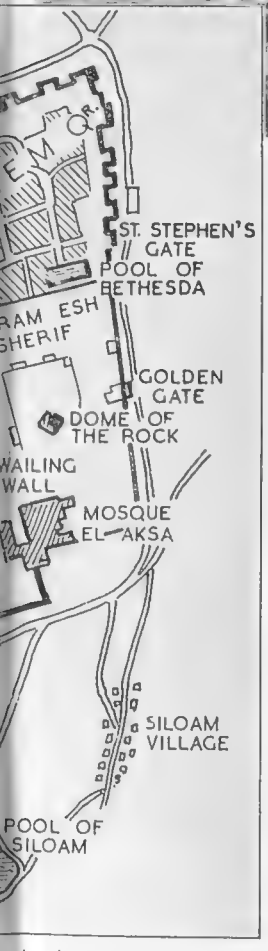
Only portions of this strange underground Jerusalem are well known; the vast so-called Stables of Solomon beneath the south-east corner of the Haram-esh-Sherif, the great built-up platform where stand the mosques of Omar and Al-Aqsa; the Cotton Grotto, an immense quarry from which it is possible that the stone for the Temple of Solomon was obtained; and, undoubtedly the most fascinating and romantic, Hezekiah's tunnel.

But, in addition to many under the city, there are a great number of rock-cut cisterns and vaulted chambers beneath the Haram-esh-Sherif, which is some 8 acres in extent, that are known to few save the Arab authorities of the two great mosques. You may often see Arab water-sellers filling their goatskins at shafts in the pavement of the Temple Area, letting down empty kerosene tins by ropes. At this time of the year those cisterns are empty or nearly so, and would shelter rebels in considerable numbers.

In the years immediately after the great war when exploration was no longer restricted by the necessity for a Turkish *firman* and the Arabs looked on British interest in their city with a friendly eye, exploring parties were frequent. For the child's passion for underground passages endures well into adult years. "Facilis descensus averni . . . ." the Governor of Jerusalem quoted in sonorous accents as a party threaded its way through "Solomon's Quarries," where the marks of the workmen's tools still remain on the walls, and the niches cut for their lamps. We had entered by a narrow doorway beneath the city wall east of the Damascus Gate and stood immediately in another world from the crowded Moslem quarter above.

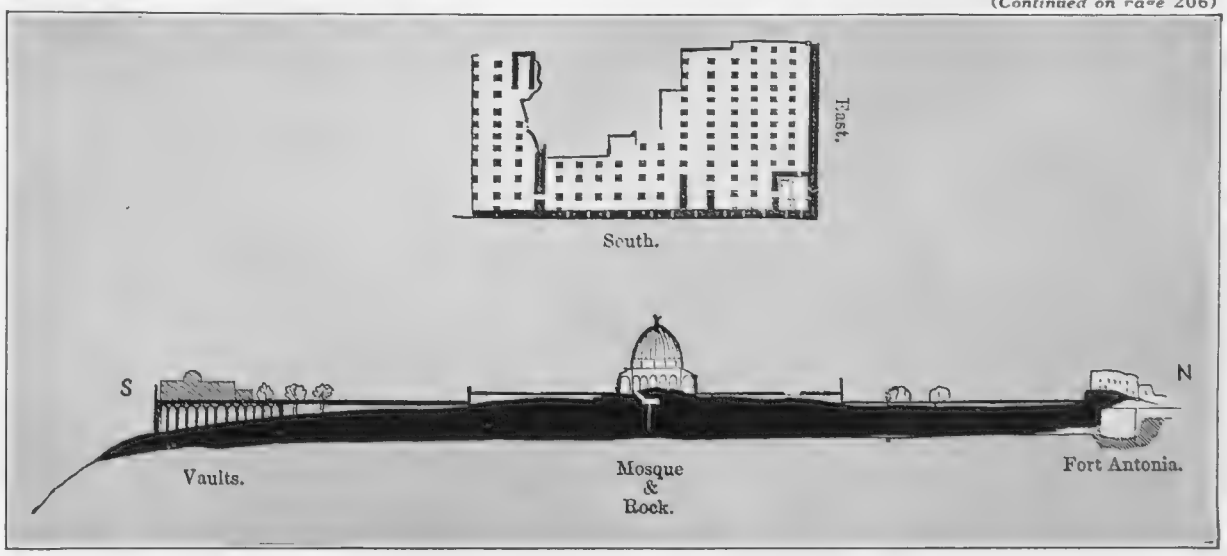
Beside the Mosque of Al-Aqsa, you descend by a flight of steps to the Stables of Solomon, which far more probably stabled the horses of the Crusaders, tethered to holes cut in the edges of the great

(Continued on page 206)



showing the Christian, Moslie within the walls. Before they drew a cordon round the Zion Gate to reinforce the Moslem area. At Battalion Coldstream right through to the Damasof Arabs, who had made an by way of the Zion and Arabs into a confined space on October 19 the British tackled Haram-esh-Sherif

On right—A PLAN OF THE HARAM ESH-SHERIF showing how it is built up into a platform, at one end of which are extensive vaults, affording the Arabs a place of retreat. The plan is taken from a Bartlett volume on Jerusalem



PARIS AFTER DARK

A new camera study of Notre Dame taken from an unusual angle

MINISTERIAL PARLEY

M. Marc Rucart (Public Health Minister), M. Chautemps (Vice President of the Council), M. Campinchi (Minister of Marine), and M. Paul Reynaud (Minister of Justice) in conversation together before a foreign affairs debate in the French Chamber

NEW LEGAL TERM

Legal luminaries gathered in the Palais de Justice at the reopening of the Paris High Court for the autumn session

THE BANK of FRANCE ALWAYS WINS

Governments Come and Governments Go, Rising and Falling Almost Invariably at the Dictates of the Men who Hold the Money

By HARRY J. GREENWALL

IT was the late Will Rogers who once said at a cabaret show in London: "I come here to see them change the guard and I go to Paris to see them change the Government."

The wisecracking American was not always as bitter as he was on this occasion. Yet, like so many wisecracks, there is truth behind this one. The late M. Franklin-Bouillon once said to me when he was a Minister of Propaganda: "The life of a French Government is like the life of a flower." Then he paused for a moment and added sadly: "I mean because the life of a French Government is so short." Why is this so? How is it that French Governments come and go and fall so quickly? The answer to this question must be divided into two distinct sections. Firstly, there is the power of the Bank of France which for long years has ruled the life of every French Cabinet. Secondly, it is just a question of a very complicated Party system, both in the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies.

The French Revolution instituted capitalism in France. Since then capitalism has ruled France. It is a strange paradox that practically the most democratic country in the world is still tied to capitalism. Stranger still, in France capitalism and socialism go hand in hand. Take the fact of the French railway system. Since a few months all the railways in France have been nationalised. Until this Bill became law, there was one railway in France which was State-owned, namely, the Ouest Etat, and all the others were private companies with shares owned not only in France but in many foreign countries. France vies with the U.S.A. as a land of paradox.

LET us begin the subject by examining the relationship between the Bank of France and a French Government; any French Government will do for the sake of argument, but let us take the question of the Government of M. Pierre Laval. M. Laval first entered political life as a member of the *Cartel de Gauche* which was the Left Coalition Government. He had previously been a Deputy, but having lost his seat he stayed outside of political life until he made a useful come-back when he became political secretary to the late Aristide Briand.

In the course of a few years, M. Laval succeeded M. Briand as Prime Minister. Until then the Bank of France had strongly approved of this man of the Left who had, in a short space of time, moved over closer to the Right. Then M. Laval made a very big tactical error. He quarrelled with the Bank of France over the question of attaching the franc to sterling. He opposed the Bank and the Bank lost many millions of pounds. There was a campaign against M. Laval, a campaign which started in the corridors of the Chamber of Deputies and which continued in the Press throughout France. Down went the Laval Cabinet.

THE Bank of France, like the Comédie Française, owes its being to Napoleon Bonaparte. The Bank is governed by Regents; some of them are the heads of big business, while others are members of some of the oldest families in the country. The story of the Regents of the Bank of France is perhaps more romantic than many romances, because there is not always a financial background to most romances, but the lover loves the lass better when there is a banking background. French politics are wooed by would-be lovers, while the Bank of France plays the part of the heavy father. The Bank always has the last word; its ramifications are deeply rooted in the soil of France. "I'll make or break you," says the Bank to any French Premier.

The General Election which brought the Popular Front into office remained as a political entity just as long as the Bank of France deemed it wise. The Bank is not revengeful; it is no doubt just, according to its own lights. M. Leon Blum was the first Prime Minister of the Popular Front and one of the main planks in his electoral campaign was the fight with the Bank. The Popular Front having won the election, M. Blum had to make good. He started out according to his promises and he attacked the very constitution of the Bank, which he succeeded in changing—to a certain extent—but the Bank won in the end. Mysterious influences, campaigns in certain sections of the French Press, gossip, everything led to a flight of the franc to London and New York and to Amsterdam. Down went the franc and down went Blum.

WHY is the Bank of France so powerful? To simplify a somewhat complicated story, I must explain that several of the Regents are themselves the heads of private banks; at the present moment there are six of them. All these Regents have important holdings in the country. The private banks are powerful banks. Another Regent happens to be the head of the French Steel Trust; two others control the French Chemical Trust; another the Paper Trust, and the other is associated with a Chemical Trust and also controls the farming industry of France. The bankers and the Trust leaders in their turn control newspapers of all shades of opinion. The Regent who is the head of the Steel Trust owns, for instance, *Le Temps*, which is the official mouth-piece of the French Foreign Office. The late M. Raymond Poincaré used, from time to time, to write unsigned editorial articles in *Le Temps*. Interlocking directorships control nearly 75 per cent. of French industry and about the same ratio of public opinion. The Bank does not ever create a Government, but if it does not approve, it destroys it.

WHERE GOVERNMENTS ARE MADE AND BROKEN: The Bank of France, which since Napoleonic times has exercised a powerful influence on political life. To meet the cost of emergency preparations during the recent crisis, the Government brought its total borrowings from the Bank up to £156,000,000 as against the legal limit of £160,000,000. Now the legal limit has been raised by ministerial decree

DESTRUCTION is made comparatively easy by the looseness of the French Parliamentary party and group system. There are at the present time no fewer than eleven political parties in the Chamber of Deputies. These eleven parties are split up into sub-parties, and sub-parties are again split up into groups. From time to time there is an attempt made to organise a coalition. It was the *Cartel de Gauche* which defeated the Poincaré administration in the General Election which M. Poincaré had to fight, but very soon afterwards the *Cartel de Gauche* was destroyed by intrigue in the Chamber of Deputies. In 1937 the Popular Front coalition was formed, but this coalition very soon showed signs of cracking, and in the summer of 1938, just when the Popular Front was about a year old, it collapsed under pressure, pressure from within and from without.

It is easy to understand, therefore, that every French Government must inevitably be made up of a coalition of parties and groups. The system of multiple parties and groups would prevent any one party being strong enough to form a Government which can endure. The Bank of France wills it so.

One might ask whether it would not be possible to form a sort of permanent coalition, a welding together of several parties. In theory it is perfectly possible, but in practice this would not work out because the Frenchman is too much of an individualist to remain under strong party discipline, like they have in Great Britain. There is in France, for instance, no equivalent to the Parliamentary Whip.

But supposing that by some fluke or lucky movement it was possible to group several parties into one lasting coalition. Let us call it a coalition of the Right or of the Left, for the purposes of this argument it does not matter at all. Supposing there was somebody clever enough and strong enough in French politics to wield such a Parliamentary weapon, then what would happen?

NOTHING at all would happen, because in the background there would always be the Bank of France. There is not the slightest reason to suggest that the motives of the Bank of France are anything but purely patriotic. The powers which Napoleon Bonaparte gave the Bank of France have never changed. The Bank of France, despite its name, is not a national bank, although it holds the gold reserve of the country. The real power of the Bank of France lies in the fact that it can lend money to the Government or it can refuse to lend money to the Government. Sometimes there rises a Prime Minister who even goes so far in his attempted fight with the Bank of France as to dismiss the Governor who is nominally nominated by the Government, but even then the Bank wins, because it withholds credit, and then down goes another French Cabinet.

A DAY ON THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

A Market at the Moment Powerfully Influencing the Whole World

A BUSINESS BAROMETER: When things are booming on Wall Street and a large volume of shares is changing hands, or when the bottom is threatening to drop out of the market, as it did in 1929, the ticker tape record of dealings cannot keep pace. So in order to warn dealers, this clock tells just how far behind the tape is running. The notice below the clock is in itself an indication of the crowded conditions ever prevailing on the floor

Above and on right— HECTIC MINUTES on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange are recorded in this newly taken series of pictures showing the brokers and jobbers in action

On right— JOBBERS AND BROKERS GET TOGETHER: A deal in progress on the floor of the Exchange. These days what happens on Wall Street rules the markets of the rest of the world to a greater extent than ever before. If New York sags on Monday, London is quiet on Tuesday, the Cape turns dull, and the Paris Bourse retires into its shell. If New York, on the other hand, starts buying, the European Exchanges usually show up well. The explanation really lies in the fact that the nations are waiting for United States recovery, business men believing that America holds the key to international prosperity. Of recent weeks Wall Street has been moving slowly upwards, but European alarums and excursions have been causing many a disturbing setback

THE WAR IN CHINA: *The Battle Zone Touches Hong Kong*

WITHIN EARSHOT OF THE SCENE OF OPERATIONS: A view of Hong Kong harbour showing the island in the foreground and in the middle distance the peninsula of Kowloon, also forming part of the colony. Away on the horizon are the hills of Kwangtung, beyond which Chinese and Japanese came to grips after the latter made a series of surprise landings this month, thus starting the successful thrust against the southern capital of Canton. Hong Kong has been crowded with refugees since the early days of the war, and now even more of them are thronging in, setting the British authorities an immense problem in providing food and accommodation

THE SOUTHERN INVASION:

By Jean Gordon

AT last it has happened—the long-expected Japanese invasion of South China. Residents in the new territories (the British mainland opposite the island of Hong Kong) were wakened in the early hours of this morning—Wednesday 12th—by the sound of gunfire, and by the time the wage earners had driven into their offices in Hong Kong they had learned the reason—that a Japanese landing had been effected on the west shore of Bias Bay, formerly the pirate's lair.

To us in Hong Kong all this means a shortage of fresh foods—vegetables, eggs, chickens and fish—large quantities of which come daily from the country between here and Canton by rail, land and sea; and an accumulation of dumped and imported goods which would normally go up into the interior by train and steamer.

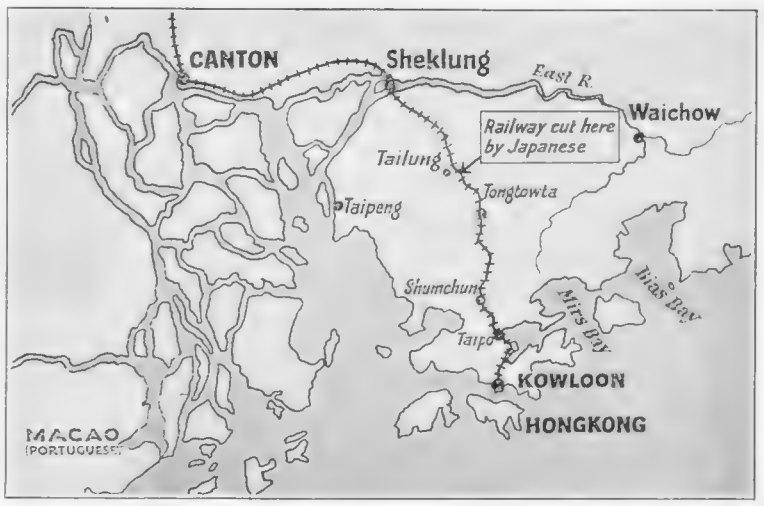
As for Hankow, where supplies are already extremely limited—butter and whisky can only be obtained at exorbitant prices; beer is scarce; petrol is rationed; tyres are not to be had, so that quite good cars are seen lying derelict all over the city—they will no longer be able to get them from here by train and plane, however heavily they may be prepared to pay, for the trains certainly will not run and air transport will be increasingly risky.

The ultimate result will surely be that Hankow will fall sooner than otherwise because supplies for the defending armies will be cut off. In other words, Japan, according to the text books, is applying the "pincer-grip" to good effect.

Among those who will suffer are the British gunboats up the Yangtse, whose lot already has been none too pleasant, but who have, at least, been able to rely on regular monthly supplies coming through by train.

China as a nation, which only two days ago was celebrating its "double-tenth"—the anniversary of the founding of the Chinese Republic—will feel this new development badly, and the capture of Canton on October 21 was a blow indeed.

Moreover, the interference with the Kowloon-Canton Railway means the end of China's principal remaining source of supply since the closing of Shanghai and the Yangtse river traffic. Materials, medical supplies, food, petrol—every conceivable necessity—have been transported by this means to the Chinese armies fighting in the north.



THE NEW THEATRE OF WAR: A sketch map showing the relationship of the British colony of Hong Kong to the southern Chinese capital, Canton. The railroad line between Canton and Kowloon has been cut by the Japanese, thus depriving Hong Kong of its main source of fresh meat and vegetable supplies. The city of Waichow, in the nineteenth century notorious as a pirate haunt, fell to the invaders in the middle of this month and Canton itself was taken at 6.30 a.m. on October 21

JAPAN MEETS the HAKKAS:

By F. E. Dean

THE Japanese troops on their march to Canton encountered not only the aboriginal Chinese of that region but also a strange tribe known as Hakkas, or "guest people." For over 300 years the Hakkas have been "guests" in Kwangtung Province and they still maintain their separate customs, dress, and speech. If you are travelling through the countryside north of Hong Kong and ask a countryman the way to Waichow, pronouncing it "Wy-jo," a Cantonese will understand you and point the direction, but a Hakka man will be puzzled unless you ask for "Wee-ju."

Hakka women wear longer jackets than is the fashion among Chinese, and they wear hats that look like the ruffles of chair covers, broad flat circles of cloth hung round with a six-inch valance. They have never bound their feet, nor have the sexes been segregated in domestic life as among the Chinese for hundreds of years.

Yet the Hakkas are a Chinese tribe. It is believed that their peculiar customs are those practised by northern Chinese in the third century B.C. when the Hakkas, under persecution, left their original home in Shantung Province. Throughout all their wanderings since, they have retained traditions which other Chinese, under various conquerors, have modified. So their speech—a transitional phase between old Chinese and modern Mandarin—is believed to be a corruption of the ancient pure language by the admixture of Tartar and Tibetan in the centuries while the Hakkas were still in the north.

From Shantung they moved to Honan, Anhwei, and Kiangsi Provinces where they prospered for nearly 700 years. It is said that a large part of the population in Kiangsi is still Hakka.

In A.D. 419, and again in 618, this tribe became the object of persecutions that drove them southward to Fukien, and to the Island of Formosa, but it was not until the fourteenth century, under the Ming Dynasty, that the Hakkas swarmed into Kwangtung Province where they now constitute a third of the population. In Hong Kong, where they form a numerous colony, they practically monopolise the trades of barber, stone-cutter, and foreigners' tailor. In the Straits Settlements about 10 per cent. of the Chinese population is Hakka. Except in one prefecture in the Canton area,

(*Continued below on left*)

which is entirely Hakka, the "guest people" are scattered about in isolated groups and villages so that one comes upon them unexpectedly in the midst of a Chinese population.

The most famous—and infamous—Hakka man was Hung Siutsuen, native of a small village near Canton, who in the nineteenth century led a quasi-religious revolt known as the Tai-ping Rebellion. For fourteen years under the fury of this fanatic China was weakened and laid waste just at the time (1850–64) when she needed unity and strength to meet the sudden impact of the West.

CAPTURED WAICHOU: White-clad patrons (*left*) arriving at a tea-house (*right*) set upon stilts above the East River just outside the walls of this city, which was reported to have fallen into Japanese hands in mid-October. It lay directly on the line of Japanese march to Canton

THE AIR ACE: One of China's crack pilots waiting at an aerodrome to take off in an attempt to intercept enemy bombers

CHINESE FIGHTING TYPES

Men who are Playing a Vital Part in Resisting Japan

GUERRILLA FIGHTERS OF NORTH CHINA: *Left*—A smiling guard in the Yellow River zone. *Right*—A lightly-clad soldier with a Danish-made rifle, equipped with tripod, and a steel helmet of German origin. He is seated on the high altar of a village temple

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C.F.H.

THE HORSE IN COUNTRY LIFE

COTSWOLD HORSE FAIR

Gypsy folk seated on the grass verge of the main road through the little Cotswold town of Stow-on-the-Wold, where a horse fair is held twice a year, the horses and ponies being tethered beneath the trees

VICTORIOUS PLOUGHMAN

This is ploughman T. B. Miller with his team and the championship cup which he won for the fifth time in six years at the Kimpton and District Ploughing Matches held last week at Lodge Farm, King's Walden, Hertfordshire. He is employed by Mr. C. H. Harding

NAPOLEON'S DESCENT ON EGYPT RECALLED By an E

"THE BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS, JULY 21, 1798": This painting by Lejeune shows a dramatic phase of the struggle in which Napoleon's forces defeated 60,000 Mamelukes—driving many of them into the waters of the Nile—before marching in triumph to Cairo and proceeding to organise Egypt as a French protectorate. The picture is at present on view at the Orangerie in the Tuileries Gardens, where an exhibition is being held to illustrate Napoleon's ill-fated adventure in Egypt

"LE GENERAL BONAPARTE VISITE LES FONTAINES DES MOISE PRES LE MONT SINAI, DECEMBER 28, 1798": A detail of the painting, by Jean Simon Berthelemy, which usually hangs at Versailles but has been brought to the Orangerie in the Tuileries Gardens, Paris, for the present exhibition recalling Napoleon's abortive Egyptian campaign

On left—"A NATION CALLS TO ITS LEADER": This allegoric picture by J. Franque, which usually hangs at Malmaison, represents Napoleon's dream on the evening of the battle of the Pyramids and shows the people of a confused France calling for his return

GENERAL JEAN BAPTISTE KLÉBER who succeeded Napoleon in the command of the Egyptian Army when the latter returned to France in August, 1799. Kléber was assassinated in Cairo by a mussulman on June 14, 1800

"PLUS ça change, plus c'est la même chose" is the phrase that leaps to the mind on visiting the exhibition of Napoleonic Egyptian souvenirs now on view at the Orangerie in the Tuileries Gardens in Paris. Twelve and thirteen decades ago the whole of Europe was preoccupied with the personality and projects of the little Corsican corporal. Setting out to conquer the world, he was the dominating character of the age.

This exhibition at the Orangerie is historic and retrospective rather than artistic. It owes much of its interest to the choice and arrangement of its exhibits by M. Jean Bourguignon, Curator of the Napoleonic Museums, an Egyptologist of erudition and renown. The post-revolution period of the consulate coincides with the beginning of the Napoleonic wars. The young General Bonaparte, having achieved meteoric fame, is the darling of the people of France. On May 19, 1798, he left the port of Toulon accompanied by an imposing battle fleet composed of thirteen vessels of the line, fourteen frigates and corvettes, and thirty smaller ships. The campaign is made to live again by means of personal souvenirs, letters, documents, uniforms, and a great number of swords.

xhibition in the Tuileries' Orangerie, Paris

We see, too, the cashmere shawl used by Napoleon during the campaign. This later served him as a bed cover during his captivity at St. Helena. Also the books he took with him. They include Bacon's *Essay on Morals and Politics*; de Staël's *On the Influence of the Passions in view of the Happiness of Individuals and of Nations*; and *The Loves of Henri IV, King of France.*

Side by side with these are the carapaces and harness taken from the Mamelukes, ornate with metal and jewelled decoration.

There is, too, the dromedary on which Napoleon rode in Egypt. He brought it back to France, kept it, and had it stuffed on its demise. It evidently grew fat in captivity, for it has not been possible to show it here with the saddle on which rode its famous owner.

Most homely and pathetic is the reconstruction of the simple room in which Napoleon lived with Joséphine in a small hotel in the rue Chantereine on his return from Egypt. Two small beds with striped covers; their pillars are made of cannon barrels. Drum cases take the place of chairs. There is a small oak desk. On a table lies a key with a label on which are the words "key of my bureau" in Bonaparte's own handwriting.

Though it covers such a short phase of Napoleon's career this exhibition illustrates a brilliant passage in the history of the French army. It shows it in an intimate and personal manner with many delightfully human touches.

W. B.

NAPOLEON'S DROMEDARY which he rode during a large part of his Egyptian campaign and later brought back to France to end its days in the Jardin des Plantes, the Paris Zoo. When it died of old age he had it stuffed. On either side can be seen saddles used by Bonaparte's Dromedary Corps which he organised immediately on landing in Egypt in 1798

FARTHEST POINT SOUTH: This picture, also included in the Napoleonic Exhibition in Paris, shows French troops at Syene (Assouan) on February 9, 1799, before they turned back towards Cairo and at a time when it was realised that the expeditionary force, which had set out with such high hopes, could no longer look forward to making Egypt a French protectorate in view of Nelson's domination of the sea following the victory at the Battle of the Nile. In the centre a soldier can be seen marking up on a ruined monument the distance between Assouan and his beloved Paris. The men, it will be seen, were wearing special tropical kit devised for them by Napoleon in the early stages of the campaign

On PARADE *with the* W.A.T.S.

And Other Items of Feminine Interest

"SQUAD, DIS—MISS!" Members of the new Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service, popularly known as the "Wats" and modern counterpart of the "Waacs," being dismissed after their first official parade at the Duke of York's headquarters, Chelsea, where they are now undergoing training. In future all women auxiliaries for the Army and the Air Force, except V.A.D.s, will be drawn from the "Wats"

RIGHT DRESS! No doubt about that. The new uniform suits these members of the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service, and, as the judicious use of make-up is not barred, the turn-out is even more attractive. Recruiting for the "Wats" has been brisk

CASTLE TO COTTAGE: Count Zeppelin, nephew of the airship designer, with his wife outside their modest home near Basingstoke where they have been living since Austria's annexation

JIM MOLLISON AND HIS FIANCEE: The record-breaking airman pictured with Mrs. Phyllis Hussey, a member of the wealthy Fyffe family, of West Indian banana-growing fame

On right—THIS IS THE CIVIL AIR GUARD UNIFORM which will be worn by both men and women members of the new citizen flying force. It consists of R.A.F. blue overalls, with chromium buttons inscribed C.A.G., helmet and earphones. The cost of each suit is 27s., which will be borne by the recruits

On left—A QUESTION OF IDENTITY: Police officers examining the papers of Miss Anne Long, staff after she had made a forced landing on Littleton Road playing fields, Pendleton, Manchester

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Ancient Waltham Abbey: Excavations Reveal It as Having Been One of the Greatest Ecclesiastical Buildings of Medieval Days

we hear of the visits of many of the kings, and of some of the troubles between the abbots and the villagers concerning common land rights.

We know that the central tower next to the existing nave fell in the reign of Mary Tudor, its materials being used by the townsfolk to build the western tower. They had to sell the bells, saved at the Dissolution, to help towards the cost of building, with the result that the tower was without bells for a century or more.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the magnificent fragment of Harold's church had become in a sorry state—galleries had been erected, a plaster ceiling put up, clashing horribly with the splendid strength of the Norman piers, high pews filled the nave, and windows had been ruthlessly destroyed. In 1859 a complete restoration was carried out, and in place of the plaster ceiling a flat painted roof, similar to that of St. Albans, was erected.

The lady chapel, on the south side, at one time used as a school room, was restored to its original use, and is now a beautiful example of fourteenth-century work. It stands above the level of the nave and has a fine crypt below it.

Of the outer abbey buildings only the abbey gateway remains, near a bridge which crosses a tributary of the Lea. This will now lead towards the church park to be made on the land once belonging to the abbey and now, 400 years later, returned to the church.

Of all the men associated with Waltham Abbey none hold the place of King Harold, who built the great Norman church and endowed it with wealth and beauty. In his book *London's Forest* Mr. Perceval writes "Much of the soil in and around the present forest area was Harold's, and when at Waltham, on the site formerly occupied by the hunting lodge of Tovi the Dane (standard bearer to Canute), he built his noble minster, he endowed it with many lordships in the surrounding forest.

"The name of the Saxon Harold is retained in the names Harold's Park, the earliest enclosed park known as such, near Nazeing, and Harold Wood, a hamlet near Romford. In his park was a dwelling, where Harold's Park Farm is now, where it is believed the king slept on the night preceding his departure for Sussex to confront Duke William. According to the beautifully pathetic legend, the king knelt for the last time before the altar in his minster, and, prostrate before the miracle-working cross for which Waltham was renowned, besought victory over his foe. Then the sacristan at the altar, gazing at the figure of the Saviour on the cross, saw the Head, which always looked heavenwards, bend in sorrowing pity towards the royal suppliant—a sign of the impending disaster on the fatal field of Senlac."

The abbey may well remember King Harold with pride as the founder and patron. He lived in troublous times but he had the makings of a great king, and he died fighting with unyielding courage against the invading foe. The story of the desperate defence on the top of the hill where the Saxon warriors rallied round their king is heroic reading.

"Behind the unbroken shield was an ever-increasing weltering confusion of dead and dying upon which the arrows beat pitilessly; and the king, mortally wounded in the eye, lay in agony beneath the standards. The position was desperate; but so long as the banners waved and the king lived there was no thought of yielding. But at last the fatal gaps could not be closed fast enough, and the Normans burst through the shield wall . . . and the end had come."

B. H.

HOW WALTHAM ABBEY MUST HAVE LOOKED IN MEDIEVAL DAYS: This drawing, specially made for "The Sphere" by D. Macpherson and based on the recent discovery of foundations extending eastward from the existing twelfth-century building, shows that this famed religious house was far larger than many in modern times have suspected. It now appears that the length of its "high roof" exceeded 400 ft. and that Waltham was comparable in size to Durham Cathedral. The abbey was remarkably planned, having two central towers, both with transepts, which were separated by an aisled nave about 160 ft. long. Throughout the Middle Ages Waltham held a high place among the religious houses of the country, its mitred abbots playing a consistent, if not a very prominent, part in public affairs. It was a wealthy house and enjoyed royal patronage, and it is noteworthy that it was the last abbey to be dissolved. At one time there was a scheme to turn the abbey into a cathedral, but this, perhaps because of the geographical position of Waltham, was never carried through. Destruction, when it came, was very thorough, and to-day there remains only the west end, which serves as a parish church

Drawn by Percy Horne

WALTHAM ABBEY NOW: A sketch showing the famous building as it is to-day, with Epping Forest looming in the background. The building is but a shadow of its former self, for of the great medieval structure pictured in the centre of these pages, only a portion of the west end remains. The excavations on the site are by no means finished, and it is hoped that further researches may shed some light on the burial place of Harold, the last of the Saxon kings

CRADLE of GENIUS

Denmark's Famous Silver-workers

Birth of a Design. In spacious workrooms designs are hammered out on pitch and iron moulds. On the right are shown the stages of a dish, worked up by hand from a flat piece of silver

IN England, in France, in Italy, in America—wherever there are collectors to appraise the true worth of the silversmith's art, the work of Georg Jensen is treasured, for when he died in October, 1935, he was incontestably one of the greatest artists in silver in the world. And to-day his genius inspires the work of the men who were his collaborators. It breathes life into the designs of the artists, and it fills with visions the minds of the boys who work so patiently, so contentedly, in the Ateliers which he established.

Not all these boys are found worthy of the work they are so proud to take up, but each of them is given an equal chance of success. They are admitted into the Ateliers when they are fourteen years old, and they start work at seven o'clock in the morning. Half an hour is allowed for their lunch of sandwiches and milk, and they go home at four o'clock. But that is by no means the end of their working day. For five years they attend the Technical High School every evening from 6.30 till eight o'clock, and when this time of training is over they make one thing entirely by themselves, working to a specified design. If their work is completely satisfactory they are rewarded and their place in the Ateliers is secure.

The 350 men work in enormous windowed rooms. A leather apron, fixed under the bench, is tied about each man's waist in order to catch the filings, for the silver is weighed out in the morning and is weighed again, with the filings, at night—a precaution that is not founded on the fear of dishonesty, for the stones which are used in the jewellery they make are kept wrapped in papers in an unlocked drawer.

One of the loveliest attributes of Georg Jensen silver is its surface, like dimmed moonlight. Not bright and shining, but gently gleaming with a warm and exquisite softness. This effect is achieved by hammering, and by coating the silver with a skin of platinum. Whenever it is necessary that the depth of the design should be emphasised it is painted with a solution of gold and platinum.

In one of the pictures on the left this process is being carried out, and though the surface blackness comes off when it is polished, the depth remains.

Every single thing is worked up by hand from a completely flat piece of silver, which is hammered and moulded until its final graceful proportions are achieved. Some idea of the various stages may be gathered from the covered dish and the sauce boat shown in these photographs, but nothing can convey the amazing delicacy of the chiselling and filing and soldering of the decorative motifs that throw into relief the calm, unbroken surfaces, and the strength of this magnificent silver.

And always, behind the dream that inspires the artist is the tremendous technical skill of the craftsman, patiently acquired through long years of study, because, as a boy, his hands longed to create lasting beauty.

Olive Caley-Smith

Hammering as a Fine Art. Here a man is bevelling the edge of a fish server, later to be decorated with a motif that emphasises the dim loveliness that characterises Georg Jensen silver. It is the hammering which gives it its exquisite patina, and one man, shut in a small dust-proof room, will spend three or four weeks hammering one medium-sized tray

Breakaway from Tradition. Copenhagen is a city of fine fountains, the water employed with the utmost imagination and skill to heighten the effect of the statuary. Here a master-craftsman is chiselling a centre-piece for a table. Designed as a small fountain and to hold flowers, it is being made specially for the President of the Danish Academy of Arts

Collector's Paradise. Every piece worthy to rank as an heirloom, everything primarily functional and therefore perfect in its essential simplicity. Georg Jensen has handed on a wonderful tradition, and his collaborators and successors, among whom are Harald Nielsen, Johan Rohde, Prince Sigvard of Sweden, and O. Gundlach-Pedersen, are animated by his ideals and deeply influenced by his conception of strength underlying tranquil beauty

BATH'S 18TH-CENTURY GLORIES REVIVED

The Duchess of Kent Reopens the Old Assembly Rooms

SUPPER IN THE OLD TEAROOM: The Duchess of Kent and her party are seated in the foreground of this picture taken during last week's function in the restored Assembly Rooms; one of the most brilliant social events that has taken place in the West Country since the eighteenth century

ONCE AGAIN THE RENDEZVOUS OF RANK AND FASHION: The ballroom at Bath Assembly Rooms (completed in 1771) which, following their restoration by Bath Corporation, were reopened last week when the Duchess of Kent visited the city and attended a ball there in aid of the Royal National Hospital for Rheumatic Diseases

THE GUEST OF HONOUR POSES: Mrs. Adrian Hopkins (Mayoress of Bath), the Marquess of Bath, the Duchess of Kent, Captain Adrian Hopkins (Mayor of Bath), and the Duchess of Beaufort pictured together at the ball in the Old Assembly Rooms. The last occasion on which a member of the Royal Family was present at a ball in Bath was in 1796 when the Prince of Wales—the future George IV—was entertained there. The restored Assembly Rooms are not those of Beau Nash's dominating reign, but belong essentially to eighteenth-century Bath. The cost of restoration amounts to about £30,000

A BOUQUET FOR THE DUCHESS, presented by a member of the nursing staff, as she arrived at the Royal National Hospital for Rheumatic Diseases where she toured the wards on the day following the ball held in aid of the hospital at the restored Assembly Rooms. The hospital is being rebuilt at a cost of £200,000 and the Duchess inspected the new site

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY OF ATMOSPHERE: The Duchess of Kent dancing with the Marquess of Bath at the ball in the Assembly Rooms, and (*on right*) a delightful picture taken as Her Royal Highness arrived for the formal reopening ceremony on the day following

IN THE TCHEKOV MANNER: George Devine, Glen Byam Shaw, Michael Redgrave, Basil Langton, and Stephen Haggard in the card game scene at the opening of *The White Guard*, Rodney Ackland's English adaptation of Michael Bulgakov's Russian drama which recently began its London run at the Phœnix. The setting is the Ukraine in the stormy days of 1918, and the author presents the pathetic picture of a band of Tsarists fighting an already lost cause. *The White Guard* was banned in Russia for some time, being regarded as too sympathetic towards the Tsarists, but it has since been presented with success at Moscow Art Theatre

"THE WHITE GUARD," a Tsarist force, find themselves, according to the play, stranded in the Ukraine after the flight of a German-appointed Hetman. The colonel, in order to avoid bloodshed, disbands the guard at the Alexandra College and himself is killed by the armed bands of Petlura, an independent Ukrainian republican

INTERPRETER OF HISTORY: A new study of Anton Walbrook who played Prince Albert in *Victoria the Great* and does so again in the sequel film *Sixty Glorious Years*, now at the Odeon, Leicester Square

NEWS OF STAGE

Robert Morley's New Comedy Makes Good Entertainment at the Vaudeville : Neat but not Sparkling Dialogue in "Quiet Wedding" : The English Opera Season at Covent Garden

THAT it would be as little appropriate to call *King Lear*, "Splash Me, Girls!" as to continue to allow Mr. Robert Morley's new comedy at the Vaudeville to be labelled *Goodness, How Sad!* does not alter the fact that this is for the most part an amusing entertainment, with much more gladness than sadness about it. Why Mr. Morley, actor and film-star, with so much knowledge of the theatre, though still a young man, that one of his play's few faults is that it contains too much professional "shop," did not sense the danger of an uneuphonious or misleading title is strange indeed. "What's in a name?" is a quotation from a better work than Mr. Morley will ever write, and although the familiarity may be true enough in the case of roses, it will be found, I think, that in the theatre that which we call a play is of very great importance.

There used to be an idea that plays about the stage and its folk were hoodoo, with a few such notable exceptions as *Trelawney of the Wells* and *Pagliacci*. That idea has long been dispersed with the demand in the film world that a larger percentage of its stories should deal with "back-stage" life as one of the chief causes. Mr. Morley's play is about as "shoppy" as it can be, the more recondite "shop" which concerns not London theatreland but struggling repertory companies and provincial lodgings predominating. We are introduced to fish suppers and antimacassars and the theatre criticisms in the local papers, which include references to "the genial but astute front-of-the-house manager," and are determined as to size as well as to viewpoint by the amount of advertisement space taken by the local theatre and music-hall managements. We hear such scraps of conversation as "We're doing very well, considering," "Yes, we're doing bad business, too."

It is a tribute to the author that at any rate at the first performance all such technical details seemed to add to the fun rather than blither the audience, though it must not be overlooked that first-night audiences know their theatrical oats. In a story of two young actresses who are scared in their lodgings by a mysterious male who turns out to be a famous film-star very much *incognito* (and who consents, because he imagines he has fallen in love with the younger and prettier sister, to appear In Person at their wretched little local theatre and to save it from bankruptcy, which, in fact, he does) the professional lingo was scarcely to be dodged. The author's sense of easy human dialogue and his pleasant fun are the main assets of *Goodness, How Sad!*

They outweigh everything except his tendency to let an act run on too long and to overflow with irrelevant, if picturesque, topics. Mr. Arthur Hambling, for instance, played beautifully the part of a soft-hearted German trainer of performing animals, one of whose seals fell sick and had to be sentimentalised over at great length. But the seal held up the action until I wished that the damn thing had died before the play started. Noises of an unnecessary fire-engine hindered rather than helped. For all that, a good little play, with Miss Jill Furse and Miss Judith Furse (who, I understand, are cousins) excellent as the two sisters, Miss Mary Merrall amusingly cantankerous as a landlady of Priestleyish intonation, Miss Kathleen Boutall immensely funny in a quiet way as a sort of elderly Shirley Temple, and Mr. Hugh Sinclair adjusting the nice amount of superficial charm of the film star.

A rhapsodical eulogy of the art of the theatre as opposed to that of the films drew general applause from those who may thus be considered to have labelled themselves die-hards. But there was plenty of less controversial enthusiasm, so this play looks like changing the Vaudeville's run of poor luck.

"Quiet Wedding."—This is a case of a title being intentionally inappropriate and of the genus pastoral-ironical, just to add to the fun. For, of course, the wedding was not at all a quiet one, by which I mean the preparations for the wedding. And that is about all that need be told of the plot of the new comedy at Wyndham's Theatre by Esther McCracken (of Newcastle, where the coals come from). If not so uproarious a joke as *Charley's Aunt* (from Brazil, where the nuts come from), it exploits divertingly the ordeal inflicted on a young bride-to-be by her well-meaning family and friends. The author, with considerable skill, makes us laugh at and not with the perpetrators of those heavy-handed pre-marital jokes which distress an average young girl, exasperate a clever young girl, and embarrass almost any young girl.

The desire to be flat-footedly facetious is apt to pervade any household a fortnight or so before the local organist is due to play Mendelssohn's *Wedding March* in honour of one of its members. In this case that member, in the person of Miss Elizabeth Allan, takes an original step to put an end to all the silly fuss about her. This involves a squabble with the bridegroom, but nothing more serious than a squabble. If some members of the audience as well as of her family were shocked by the *dénouement*, so much the better. Miss Allan is a mighty pretty comedienne in every sense and Mr. Frank Lawton pleasantly shows us Young Woodley at the marriageable age. The most sensible of the whole gang is Miss Marie Löhr, as a sympathetic aunt with a nice sense of proportion and of humour—which, after all, are much the same thing.

The lines do not sparkle with the wit of a Wilde or a Sheridan, but they move along neatly and naturally. The author's chief asset is that she is never a bore, and I may well leave it at that.

Opera in English.—The short season of grand opera in English at Covent Garden draws to a close this week. It has been, on the whole, well supported, and as it is not a mushroom affair but the foundation of (it is to be hoped) a permanent institution destined to flourish year after year (here another dash of hope, please) both in London and in the larger provincial cities, it is worthy of some consideration. Not solely on account of its pluck—all operatic enterprises are plucky—but for solid achievement. Some of this was rather too solid, notably the opera *The Serf*, by George Lloyd, whose librettist, William Lloyd, is also his father. Not many young men of twenty-five can say with truth that they have written a grand opera on a very grand scale and still fewer can say that daddy did the dialogue.

I have heard at least a dozen grand operas by British composers, some of them quite distinguished composers. All have been praised, and composers, librettists,

AND SCREEN

By Philip Page

DANIELLE DARRIEUX

The New Star on Hollywood's Horizon

When lovely Danielle Darrieux—the subject of these four pictures—descended upon Hollywood from France, the film colony decided that here was a star who would be box office from the Middle West to the Near East. They were right, for Danielle's first Hollywood picture, *The Rage of Paris*, has shown she is a film actress whom everyone is willing to pay to see. A few weeks ago, when the international crisis loomed up, Danielle was back in Paris with her husband, ex-air ace Jules Decoine, and fears were expressed in California that Jules might be held to the colours by the French authorities and that his wife might be loth to leave Europe again

impresarios, singers, conductors, etc., have been patted on the back, though largely, I believe, because of their courage. For if it is plucky to present grand opera in English at all, it is trebly plucky to produce English grand opera in English or in any other language (I am not sure, indeed, that, owing to a certain degree of musical *snobisme*, it would not stand a better chance in another language).

The unfortunate fact remains that to-day not one English opera—leaving, of course, light opera out of the argument—can really be considered to be on the map or anywhere near it. For much of the music of Mr. Josef Holbrooke I have a great admiration; but I doubt whether London will hear again his *The Children of Don* or *Dylan*. Gustav Holst (English, in spite of his name) wrote *Savitri* and other laudable works. Where are they? Where is the melodious *Esmeralda* of Goring Thomas? Where are the operas of that doughty trio of musical knights—Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Frederic Cowen, and Sir Charles Stanford? Even that still doughtier musical knight, Sir Arthur Sullivan, went off the rails with his one serious opera, *Ivanhoe*.

And I hope that that really brilliant woman, Dame Ethel Smyth, will forgive me if I suggest that her *The Wreckers* foundered, so far as any chance of popularity or of permanent retention in any operatic repertoire is concerned, years ago. Mr. Rutland Boughton's *The Immortal Hour* may have some chance of immortality, but it is not a grand opera in the accepted sense; being a small-scale, though not a "light," work.

Elgar, the greatest English composer of all time, never entered the operatic field. This was not a question of acknowledging limitations but because he knew that opera was not his *métier;* he could no more have written an opera than Brahms could. There is exquisite music in Delius's *Koanga* and *The Village Romeo and Juliet*, but they are rarely, if ever, heard nowadays, and *as operas* must be called failures. Besides, much as I would like to claim Delius as a British composer, he just *wasn't* British. He had a Bradford accent but a German father, spent many years in America and lived his later years in France, where he died.

The English are emphatically a musical nation, in both creation and in interpretation of music.

But not as yet have they been able to create grand opera. There is no English Wagner or Verdi or Strauss or Puccini. And I am prepared to bet the score of *Parsifal* to a demi-semi-quaver that there never will be.

In the Days of Stephen.—After this somewhat depressing *præludium* to Mr. Lloyd's opera, I would have been glad to hail it as an exception. But I fear neither present nor future generations of music lovers are likely to have a surfeit of *The Serf*. That is not to say that it is devoid of merit by any means. The long and complicated story of family feuds in Yorkshire in the reign of King Stephen—here, at any rate, is fresh operatic territory—has been grappled with by the composer with plenty of vigour. But it was not only the fact that the pair of lovers turned out, like Siegmund and Sieglinde in *Die Walküre*, to be brother and sister that jogged Wagnerian memories.

Whereas, however, Mr. Wagner, whether as a sop to the multitude or just because he could not help it, popped glorious tunes into his score as plentifully as plums in a pudding, Mr. Lloyd does not. In his last act there is a love-duet, surprisingly Puccini-ish in such grey and fierce surroundings, and there are a few other melodic streaks. But they are too few. Most of the music is a harsh orchestral accompaniment to the harsh stage arguments, and although it is often dramatically strong and always well scored, there is little in it to make a general appeal. In brief, I found *The Serf* far from being an incompetent work and, indeed, a surprising achievement for a young man of five-and-twenty, but on the whole rather dull.

Some Good Performances.—For the rest, the high spot of the season was *Tristan and Isolde*, conducted by Mr. Coates, with Miss Eva Turner and Mr. Walter Widdop as the lovers. This could stand comparison with summer season performances.

Faust was a poor effort in almost every detail. *Rigoletto* was notable for the superb work of Mr. Dennis Noble (who gets better and better) in the title-role, for Mr. Norman Allin's grim Sparafucile, and for Miss Luella Paikin, who was in charming contrast to the 20-stone Gildas from abroad, for she in addition to singing delightfully could take on Ginger Rogers's job and look as good.

Miss Maggie Teyte again showed us her perfect Madame Butterfly, with Mr. Percy Heming an equally perfect Sharpless. But here, as in *Pagliacci*, some silly new tricks were played with the production. There is no excuse for "original" touches which are just wrong. And why over the booth-theatre in the latter opera was inscribed "I. Pagliacci," with a full stop after the "I" which is, of course, the Italian for "the"? The impression given was that this was a shop kept by a Mr. Israel Pagliacci.

A PERIOD PIECE AT THE KINGSWAY: Frederick Ranalow as the Count and Irene Eisinger as the Count's daughter in *An Elephant in Arcady*, the charming musical play written by Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon and set to music largely borrowed from Mozart and other classic composers

"GUNS OR BUTTER": BRUCE LOCKHART SURVEYS EUROPE

And has a Wealth of Good Stories to Tell of the Great Ones he has Met in his Wanderings

LITERATURE FOR THE MILLION: Hugh R. Dent, who has been with the publishing house of Dent ever since its inception fifty years ago and who contributes several chapters to the history of the firm which has been published in order to mark the jubilee

MR. R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART has left Fleet Street, for ever, as he hopes. From 1929 to 1937 he was in the uncomfortable position, common to the industrious, of being nailed to his desk. Last year he quit, though his leave-taking with Lord Beaverbrook was probably more friendly than that word implies. He intended to live in his much-loved Scotland and to re-visit the Europe for which the last few years had left him so little time.

Many newspapermen find it difficult to retire, and feel a life-long nostalgia for the hustling, night-hawk omniscience of their late jobs. Not so Mr. Lockhart, who is not a newspaperman at heart.

The Russia where he lived and worked for years and the Balkans where he can still find friendships as warm as any in London, claim his affection and, more important still, his interest. Work which kept him in Fleet Street and away from Europe on one hand and a good trout stream on the other could never be the ideal choice of such a man. Something was bound to go, and in this case it was Mr. Bruce Lockhart.

GUNS OR BUTTER (Putnam. 10s. 6d.) reviews his wanderings since the day when he took the decision. "War countries and peace countries of Europe revisited" he calls his book, which is a descriptive, but not a complete, sub-title. There is more than that in this long, almost dangerously readable, book. There is his own nostalgia, his disappointment and his pleasure, his sentimental visits, and his acute summings-up.

In the past year he has visited Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Germany. He was in Vienna that week-end of the *Anschluss* and saw Hitler in his entry into the city, when he enjoyed a triumph as great as any Roman emperor's.

"Presently his open car comes into sight. He stands bolt upright, like a dummy figure, holding the windscreen with one hand. His face is almost hidden beneath his clumsy uniform cap, and all the power and the might and the glory seem to be concentrated in the grotesque Charlie Chaplin moustache."

Mr. Bruce Lockhart's reactions are frank—frankly expressed. His interviews with kings and regents are crisply told and adroitly handled. Whether from his early consular training, or his more recent experience of journalism, his flair for a good story—that is to say, in this instance a story that will tell well on paper—is unerring. Queen Marie's pekingese and the British ambassador, Stalin and the sulky serving girl, Stoyadinovitch and the cow—these are not the stuff of conventional traveller's memoirs, but the lively, irreverent, good-natured jottings of the man who started the fashion for a new kind of semi-political autobiography.

For many readers there is scarcely an autobiography which can be called dull, since however little it reveals of a writer, that little is at least more intimate than anything that a third party could contrive, and consequently more absorbing than the most imaginative fiction.

The great, the almost insuperable difficulty in writing a biography is in reaching the truth of a man's character. Bias and personal feelings cannot be excluded, however fair-minded the writer, and however ready to see all sides of a question. In autobiography this difficulty does not necessarily become less because one is better acquainted with the subject. On the contrary, to write a just autobiography one has to be not only an accomplished analyst but a person of very strong character.

Who knows himself? And who, knowing himself, has the power of conveying that knowledge without distortion, either from modesty or its reverse? Having once decided to write the story of one's life, and feeling this diffidence, the obvious resort is to humour, and humour has indeed saved a good many.

Miss Elsa Lanchester has set herself a doubly difficult task in combining her own and her husband's biographies, and, to save any suspense, I must say that she has done it excellently. It is honest and often witty, but humour to this writer is so natural a part of expression that it has not been used as a subterfuge. **CHARLES LAUGHTON AND I** (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.) is an amusing book because Miss Lanchester has a fresh and amusing outlook, not because it is full of mechanical little anecdotes.

By the way, fans of Mr. Laughton's should be warned. If they want to suggest a new role for him to play let them choose something original. At present there are about three stock suggestions which are constantly being repeated, the prime favourite being Dr. Johnson, or that other "dirty old darling . . . the devil, in the guise of a kind old gentleman with a philosophy of life."

A new novel from the pen of Mazo de la Roche—and several thousand people automatically add a line to their library lists, for here is a writer whose narratives of family life always have their appreciative public and whose placid stories defy death, disaster, and even satiety.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Reviewed by Vernon Fane

GROWTH OF A MAN (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.) is not a part of the Whiteoak saga but it, too, has Canada for its setting and Canada's forests and farms for its background. Young Shaw Manifold, its hero, is an earnest youth with a desire to better himself and to make up for the unhappy, over-worked years of his childhood. His studies succeed and he becomes a promising member of the Forestry Department until the day when he develops a tubercular lung and is sent to a sanatorium run by two doctors with the unpromising names of Maybee and Knott.

Shaw's final recovery brings the story to its happy ending, with the young man married and his mother, the sheet anchor of his life, living with him and his wife in perfect, if improbable, unity.

The story holds few surprises, but that is not this writer's way. It has warmth, good characterisation and that indefinable quality of homeliness that makes the quietest tale memorable.

CATERING FOR THE FEW: Marie Louise Ritz, who in her book *Cesar Ritz* (Harrap. 12s. 6d.) tells the remarkable life-story of her husband, the pioneer of the luxury hotel

It seems hard to write about children without being patronising or arch, and though the same does not exactly apply to adolescents, they usually seem to suffer in fiction from an almost morbidly sympathetic treatment.

THE DEATH OF THE HEART (Gollancz. 8s.) is the love story of a very young girl, and that is one of the most baffling themes for any but a very sincere, or a very subtle, writer. The balance has to be held, as Miss Elizabeth Bowen holds it, between rare perceptiveness and a kind of healthy cynicism.

Portia, a girl in her teens, comes to live with her brother and his wife in their elegant little London house. They are kind but insensitive, Thomas absorbed in his passion for his wife, and Anna happily self-centred. Portia is anxious to please them, but finds no one except an elderly maid with whom to exchange confidences. She begins to keep a diary, which is discovered and read, to her discomfiture, by Anna.

For Portia, the diary is a secret and only to be shown to one person, a charming but spineless young man whom she loves. He and Anna discuss the diary, even laugh over it. Portia finds out, and her young world seems at an end.

It is a moving little story, and distinguished by Miss Bowen's style and wit.

In addition to the books reviewed above by Vernon Fane, the Editor draws the attention of readers to the following new publications which pressure on space prevents from being treated fully.

The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci, by Dmitri Merejcovski *(Nonesuch Press. 20s.)*: This magnificently-produced volume is the English translation of the novel of the great master's life, and it is illustrated with 100 pictures—some of them in colour—of Leonardo's paintings, drawings, designs, plans, sketches, and diagrams, each of which has a bearing on the narrative. It is a companion volume to *Lust for Life*, the story of Van Gogh, which was recently referred to in THE SPHERE.

Pyrenean, by J. B. Morton (*Longmans, Green and Co. 8s. 6d.*): The author, known to so many as "Beachcomber" of the *Daily Express*, here turns aside from humorous satire and serious historical writing to tell of an adventurous journey on foot through the Pyrenees, of what befell the traveller en route, of conversations by the way, and of the thoughts that came to him in remote and savage places.

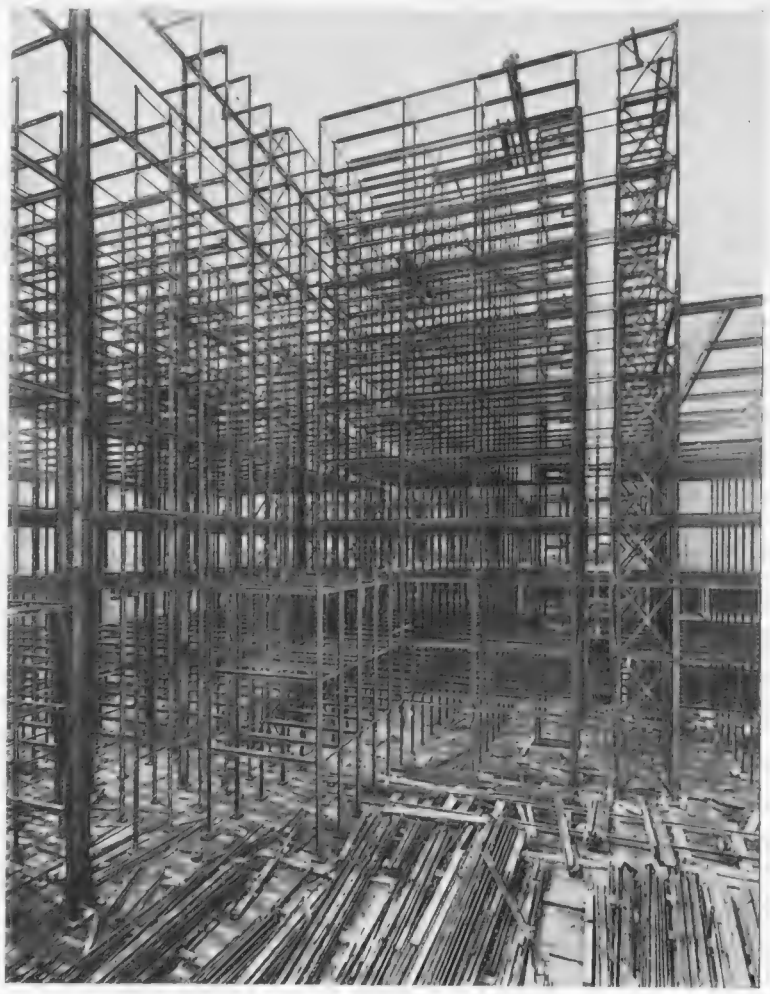
A Child of Our Time, by Odon von Horvath (*Methuen. 7s. 6d.*): Two short novels by a German writer who died in exile in Paris this year and who, though essentially anti-Nazi, does not allow political bitterness to mar his work.

Ludwig I of Bavaria, by Count Corti (*Thornton Butterworth. 18s.*): The dramatically told story of the monarch whose genuine interest in art brought his capital, Munich, to the zenith of its fame and whose reign began with a period of enlightened progress in politics, education, and culture, only to end in bitterness and disillusionment.

Elizabeth of Bohemia, by Carola Oman (*Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.*): With her life of Henrietta Maria the author gave a brilliant portrait of a fascinating woman, and here she follows it up with what might really be termed a companion biography. Elizabeth was the daughter of James I, the sister of Charles I, and the wife of Frederick V, Elector Palatine and afterwards King of Bohemia.

Honest Thieves, by Patrick Pringle (*Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.*): A history of the old-time smugglers, tracing their activities from the days of Ethelred the Unready to the money smugglers of the 1930's.

(Continued on page 206)



A NEW TREASURE HOUSE OF LEARNING

The scaffolding of the Bodleian Library extension which is being set up at the corner of Broad Street and Parks Road, Oxford, in accordance with the designs of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A. This fine picture was taken by Mr. J. R. H. Weaver, of Trinity College. The central space is designed for book storage and will have eleven decks, three of them being below ground

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The Ease of Travel in Morocco: Wintering in Italy and Florida: The Path That Livingstone Trod: St. Lucia's Historic Background

A TOURIST IN MOROCCO:
The European visitor, the veiled woman, and the dark-skinned, itinerant drummer evidence the extraordinary contrasts to be met with upon the North African shore

MOROCCO. Travel in Morocco in these days is a much simpler matter than it used to be. The French have worked wonders in their zone, building fine roads and giving easy access to some of the most fascinating parts of the country. The march of civilisation, however, has not detracted from the irresistible charm of the country.

There are several ways of approach; by steamer to Casablanca is one of them. This thriving port is a splendid example of French colonisation, and the modern native quarter built on model lines is one of the sights. The capital, Rabat, and home of the young Sultan, lies to the north. It is picturesquely situated at the mouth of the Bou-Regreg river, amid groves of orange trees, and the modern gardens of the city are a wonderful sight. Salé, on the opposite bank of the river, was once the lair of the Barbary pirates. It is peaceful and intellectual now but the local colour remains.

Ancient Fez, founded more than eleven centuries ago, is still the capital of the north, and its mosques and old palaces are full of interest. Marrakesh, the capital of the south, is not quite so old, but still four years older than 1066 and all that. You get something of the Saharan atmosphere there, and the gardens are world famous. There are secondary roads into the Grand Atlas mountains from Marrakesh and excursions in the land of feudal kasbahs and Berber villages should not be missed.

THE WONDERS OF FLORENCE:
Admiring the famed sculptures in the Loggia dei Lanzi. Among them are Cellini's Perseus with the head of Medusa, and Bologna's Hercules slaying the centaur

Italy. — Organised tours in Italy continue throughout the winter. They generally include Rome, Naples, Florence, Venice and Milan, and there is always plenty to do in those places.

Travellers in Italy will be interested in the forthcoming change-over from steam to electric traction of the Italian State Railways from Leghorn by the coastal route to Rome and from Milan to Bologna and Ancona. This involves between 400 and 500 miles of the system and will result in a faster service from Turin and Milan to Rome. The date fixed for the change-over is November 14. Italy has some 4,000 route miles of electric railway, by far the largest in Europe, and work is proceeding on other sections. Most of the power is supplied by the hydro-electric power stations in the Alps and Apennines.

The efficient work of the Ente Nazionalle Industrie Turistiche, popularly known as Enit, keeps us very well posted in this country with social and cultural events in Italy. Florence, very appropriately, is one of the most active centres. An opera season is now in progress at the Vittorio Emanuele II Communal Theatre and this will be followed by a long series of notable musical occasions.

By the way, one of Enit's latest publications is a beautifully illustrated book, *Italy, the Land of Art*.

Lobito Bay.—If you want a new approach to a tour in Central and South Africa, Lobito Bay, in the Portuguese Colony Angola, offers the gateway. A railway runs over 800 miles to the frontier of the Belgian Congo, and the sources of the Zambesi and Congo are passed on the high plateau.

The journey to Elizabethville, the capital of the Katanga province, occupies about three days, and eight or nine hours later you are in Rhodesia. The Victoria Falls, the Matoppo Hills, possibly the Zimbabwe ruins, and Salisbury come into the itinerary, and then you cross Mozambique to Beira to join a steamer for the homeward journey by the east coast route. This way across the continent follows roughly the route taken by Dr. Livingstone. He took three years; the trains take six days. From Bulawayo, of course, you have the alternative of making for the great cities and beauty spots of the Union and taking a steamer from Cape Town or Durban.

Miami.—The traveller who has not been to Miami has missed one of the most astonishing spectacles in the world — great beaches, sumptuous hotels, and vast estates. The whole Florida peninsula, which helps to form the Gulf of Mexico, is a famous winter resort and you may have noticed that the C.P.R. are including Miami in both their winter cruises—the *Empress of Australia* leaving Southampton on January 21 and the *Duchess of Atholl* from Liverpool on February 18.

Three motor causeways connect Miami proper with the beach, and not far away are Coral Gables, with lovely lagoons and canals, Coconut Grove and Bimini Island, a fisherman's paradise. To the north lies fashionable Palm Beach, and much farther on, Daytona Beach, whose wonderful stretch of sand is associated in our minds with the exploits of record-breaking motorists.

Miami will certainly kindle a desire in the hearts of the visitors from the cruising liners to see more of the Land of Flowers. By the way, do you know the capital of the state? Not many of us realise it is the picturesque old city Tallahassee, away in the north-west near the borders of Georgia.

St. Lucia.—I am always attracted by a West Indian cruise which includes St. Lucia, the largest and most picturesque of the Windward group. Not only has it an historical background of the period leading up to Trafalgar, but its riot of colour is unforgettable, embracing not only every form of life but the rocks and beaches. Sir John Moore of Corunna conquered the island in 1796, and for a time was governor. For the most part the island is covered with forests and vegetation. It has a peak over 3,000 ft. high. On the north side is the historic peninsula of Vigie, with barracks, lighthouse and a perfect bathing beach. Castries, the port of St. Lucia, is one of the finest in the Caribbean, and almost landlocked.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

La Ciotat.—The liner will be at Toulon long enough for you to make an excursion to La Ciotat and Bandol, two very pleasant resorts in the direction of Marseilles. The route skirts the Mediterranean coast all the way but there is also good scenery on the inland route through Le Beausset and the Gorges d'Ollioules. You might arrange to go back that way.

Corfu.—The island enjoys a fairly mild winter, the temperature not often going below 50 deg. Fah. December is the month of most rain, but spring comes early and is delightful. The crossing from Brindisi occupies about ten hours and there is a good service from Venice and Trieste.

Madeira.—A short cruise enabling you to see something of the island is that of the *Duchess of Atholl* (C.P.R.) at the end of March. She also calls at Casablanca and Lisbon. Leaving Liverpool on March 31, she will be away 11 days.

Scheidegg.—Some of the winter sports centres get snow quite early in the winter and most of them receive visitors about the middle of December. One of the earliest is Scheidegg where the slopes are in fine condition from November to May. It is 6,770 ft. up at the foot of the Jungfrau, and overlooks the lovely valleys of Lauterbrunnen and Murren.

Beverley Brooke

A GEM OF THE ATLANTIC ISLES:
A glimpse of Funchal, Madeira's glorious capital, seaport, and wintering place

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"THERE IS A RAPTURE ON THE LONELY SHORE": A halt by the sands at Perranporth to enjoy the sound of the surf. The car is an Austin Big Seven Forlite saloon

NOW THAT THE SHOW IS OVER

Afterthoughts on The Earls Court Exhibition

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (*Clerk of the Course, Brooklands*)

NOW that the passage of time has converted the 1938 Motor Show from a reality into a memory it may not be out of place to look back and put in black and white a few trivial, but I trust interesting, thoughts which occurred to me as the result of many visits.

Although the practice of hanging standard banners over the various stands to indicate where cars of certain make are to be found is a good idea, it is still far from being perfect in spite of it not being a novelty. On entering Earls Court I found it was exceedingly difficult to locate any particular stand if it was any distance away from the entrance, due to the fact that the banners were hung at a uniform height, and so in the distance they blotted each other out. Another disadvantage was that when close to a stand it was exceedingly difficult to discover the make of car because the banner indicating the name was hung high above from the roof.

In the old days at Olympia when each stand had its own individual treatment of decoration it was quite easy to identify an exhibit either in the distance or when one was beside it. I am afraid that this is rather in the nature of destructive criticism, and I only mention it in case any reader can think of a good idea to overcome the disadvantages of the present system which I have mentioned.

The cold, uninviting, bleak atmosphere which was so prominent at the 1937 Motor Show at Earls Court was dissipated to a satisfactory degree by draping the tall gaunt cement pillars, but even now I think that this scheme of decoration might be more elaborated. All exhibitions make their visitors extremely footweary and the past Show was no exception. I must say, however, that the atmosphere in Earls Court, thanks to the air conditioning, is distinctly good and prevents people who stay in the hall for any length of time from having a headache.

The means of access by way of the Underground railway is distinctly good, and even if it is wet or dreary the walk from the station by the brightly illuminated subways is dry and cheery. I would suggest, however, to the London Passenger Transport Board that they place more and better positioned indicator signs to enable people who leave the Exhibition to find more quickly the entrance to the station. I found people wandering about all through the Underground passages, which seem to be miles in extent, looking for the booking office.

A friend of mine went one day to the Show, and returned to my home, with a large and varied collection of catalogues. We went through them together, and I must say I was amazed to find one giving particulars of a well-known make of car but nowhere in its eight pages could I find any mention of its price. That seems to me to be a very serious omission and, in fact, makes in my opinion a catalogue completely worthless.

I also noticed in a second pamphlet describing another make of car a most interesting paragraph in the conditions of sale. The would-be purchaser on signing an order form would, among other things, agree not to remove the name-plate from the car while it was in his possession. Such a clause appears to me to be quite ridiculous, though I could have understood it had the would-be purchaser been asked to agree not to replace the name-plate with that of another make.

Although the authorities at the Show provided increased parking space for visitors' cars it was still just as difficult to find one's car as it was last year. Perhaps I am more stupid than most people, but I find it exceedingly difficult to carry a mental picture of the layout of the Earls Court Exhibition buildings and their adjoining car parks. I know one person who took over an hour to find his car although it still rested in the place where he had put it. The attendant who was given the counterfoil of the ticket which had been issued on arrival was just as hazy as the owner as to where the car might be found. Surely the parks could be sub-divided into colours and the whole thing made as easy as finding one's car after a performance at the Aldershot Tattoo.

I reckon that the Metropolitan Police by exhibiting at the Show did more to further the interests of road safety than has ever before been accomplished by the Government with their thousand and one petty regulations. People discovered that the police officers on the stand were not only human beings, but more than usually courteous, helpful, and, what is perhaps more important, they knew what they were talking about. Once the motoring public all appreciate that the police themselves are motorists, and skilful ones at that, then motoring for all will become more pleasant.

At the time of writing these notes I have not been able to obtain all the attendance figures but it seemed to me that there were just as many people, if not more, at the Show as there were in 1937. Most manufacturers are, I think, pleased with the results and it looks as if 1939 is going to be a really good year for motoring.

RECORDS OF RECORD BREAKERS: Sir Malcolm Campbell and Captain George Eyston listening to each other's voices recorded on the Castrol stand at Earls Court. They described the fastest speed on water and on land

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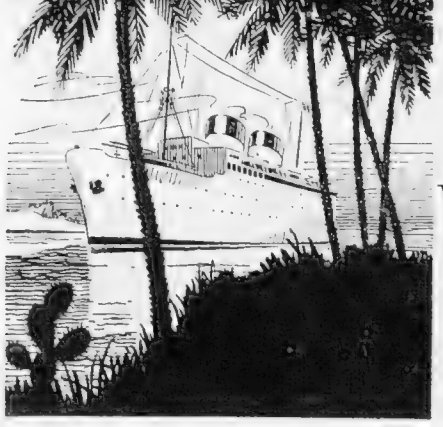

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DA 107

EUROPE'S MAN-MADE FRONTIERS

(*Continued from page* 178)

was found in my kit. It is utterly necessary for scribes circulating on the current Continent to go through with a fine comb everything they carry in print or writing.

The majority of road frontiers have a neutral gap of 100 or 200 yards. The totalitarian states provide a reception committee of five exhibits: police, militia, military, passport officers, and customs. You pass from office to office; and then you have a drink at the local which is invariably tacked on to the general building or hutments. A garage and exchange bureau are the other invariables.

Sometimes the longest business is having your money vetted and noted in your passport, which occurs on entering and leaving the controlled-currency countries. I remember getting into an unholy muddle on the way from Mestre to Villach; and by the time I had got out of it the sun had sunk and the last part of that Alpine journey, through axle-high snow (it was March), was of the trickiest owing to failure of my lighting gear. Did I curse the idiotic cause of my being so late on the road!

Frontiers bright, frontiers tragic. One thinks to-day of those of the Sudetenland who stood against Henlein and Hitler, but who are being herded by the Czechs, in scores of thousands, back to where the Swastika now flies. One thinks of Puigcerda, 6,000 ft. high in the Pyrenees, and of the mile and a half long avenue of sorrow that conducts to adjacent Bourg Madame, in the French Cerdagne. For Puigcerda gets badly bombed, on which occasions its inhabitants, wounded, terrified, bereaved, fly down that avenue along which once swung happy Pyrenean trampers, rucksacks up.

The most satisfactory frontiers are broad and swirling rivers, as the Dniester, dividing Rumania from Russia for 300 winding miles, spanned but a few times by bridge or ferry. The brief Franco-German Rhine river frontier is neither wide nor swirling enough. The frontier bridge at Strasbourg-Kehl cannot be more than 150 yards in length. I crossed here in triumph early in 1919: it was the day Clemenceau's bronze Gallic cock was placed in position at the *German* end of the bridge. When the French left the Rhineland the bird was brought back to above the centre of the bridge. To-day the rooster crows at the French extremity of the edifice, within the city bounds of Strasbourg.

A tiny frontier bridge over the rivulet Fiumowa separates Italians in Fiume from Yugoslavs in Susak. Until the other day, hatred and contempt were wafted across this bridge, from each side of it. Now strain is being supplanted by mutual acceptance if not yet cordiality.

The Brenner is certainly a famous frontier passage, naturally no less than politically. Let us end there. The pass, where one Italian now faces slightly less than two Germanics, is 4,500 ft. above sea level, and is dominated by two sentinels as high again, Monte Sella and the Spina del Lupo. Poles, 50 yards apart, separate Italy from Greater Germany. From time to time frontier guards meet in between to transact business. Gap of destiny.

JERUSALEM'S UNDERGROUND MAZES

(*Continued from page* 181)

rectangular piers. Yet those rows and rows of columns, stretching into a dim distance of perspective, are curiously reminiscent of the great underground cistern, Yeri Batan Serai, at Istanbul, among whose hundreds of columns you can to this day progress by boat. And in those of Solomon's Stables are clearly incorporated the material of earlier buildings. To the south is a chamber that was once the vestibule of the built-up Double Gate, and you see traces of further vaults and passages to north and west.

But there is naught so strange in the whole of underground Jerusalem as Hezekiah's tunnel. Clearly the monarch had foreseen the siege of Jerusalem by the Assyrians, when, as Sennacherib left on record, he was imprisoned "like a bird in a cage." He accordingly cut an aqueduct through the solid rock to carry the water of Jerusalem's one spring, which had hitherto been outside the walls, safely shut off from the enemy to the pool of Siloam.

Only at this period of the year is it possible to traverse the tunnel without some considerable danger of being caught by a rush of water from the intermittent syphon spring which supplies the Virgin's Fountain. To reach the entrance of the tunnel we plunged waist-deep across the pool at the foot of two steep flights of rough-hewn steps, and bending low passed through a dark mysterious-looking archway on the farther side. Candle in hand—we had no electric torches then—each member of the party straightened up in a low-roofed passage where our elbows almost touched the sides; the Arab women whom we had interrupted resumed the task of filling their water jars with little show of surprise, the echoes of their kerosene tins striking against the sides of the pool came ringing through the tunnel.

Soon we saw the entrance of the passage to the summit of Mount Ophel—in the Old Testament (II Samuel, v, 8) quaintly called "the gutter." Up it, even before the time of Hezekiah, had Joab led his men to surprise the defenders of the Jebusite fortress and open the gates from within. On we waded through the tunnel that Hezekiah carried on from that point; now knee-deep, now barely above our ankles, here stooping low, there walking erect. Though by no means straight, the tunnel was surprisingly even in bore and always very narrow. Still more surprising was the closeness to complete accuracy with which Hezekiah's engineers tunnelling from the two ends had met in the middle.

Wet and somewhat weary after wading one third of a mile, we were glad when a sudden turn brought us into a narrow cavern where glimmered the light of day.

During the siege of Jerusalem by the Romans the underground chambers and passages of the city served its inhabitants well. It will be difficult even now to clear them.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(*Continued from page* 200)

The Dog in Sport, by J. Wentworth Day (*Harrap. 8s. 6d.*): Mr. Day, whose books on sporting topics have gained him such a wide following, gives an anecdotal survey of a subject that has never been treated as fully as it deserves. One of the many surprising facts emerging in these readable pages is that the often despised French poodle is a superb wild-fowler.

My Eskimo Life, by Paul-Emile Victor (*Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.*): An absorbing record of daily events during six months spent as the only white man in an Eskimo community.

Birdie Bowers of the Antarctic, by George Sealer (*John Murray. 10s. 6d.*): Of Scott, Wilson, Oates, and Bowers, the four heroes who died in the Antarctic as they returned from the Pole, only Bowers has hitherto been neglected by the biographer. Now the deficiency is repaired in a volume that pays rare tribute to a man of high courage, ever even temperament, and indomitable energy.

Already Walks To-morrow, by A. G. Street (*Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.*): Another novel by an author possessing rare skill in portraying country life and country people.

Triumph Over Pain, by René Fülöp-Miller (*Hamish Hamilton. 15s.*): The remarkable story of the struggle of the human race to allay and overcome physical suffering, particular reference being made to those who developed the art of anæsthesia.

The House of Dent, 1888–1938 (*J. M. Dent. 7s. 6d.*): The story of the famous publishing house through its fifty years of existence.

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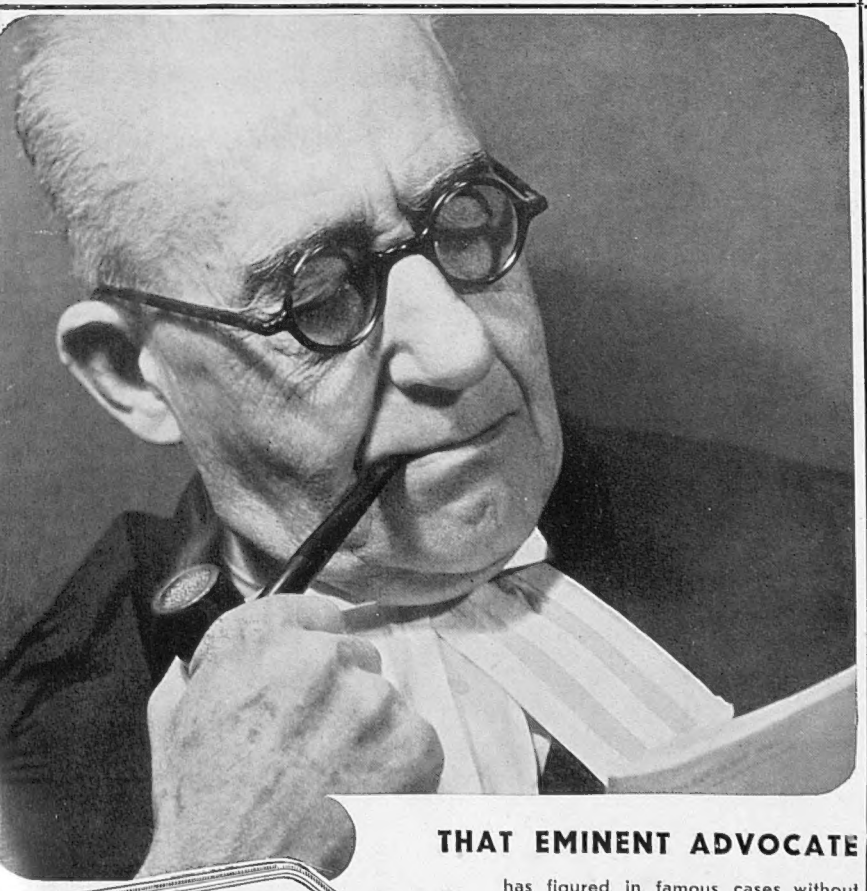

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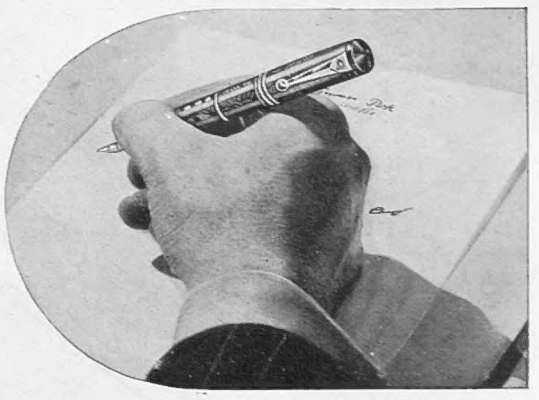

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By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Some Further Suggestions as to Where to Stay for Christmas—Write Early, the Golden Rule—Accommodation Quickly Booking

HERE are some further suggestions for Christmas. In my last week's article I finished up by writing of Bournemouth, and with the promise that I would mention some more places later on. In truth, one could write a weekly article for a year on Bournemouth's hotels and never run dry of subject matter; but space is limited and inevitably justice will not be done.

However, here are a few more places in this delightful resort where my personal experience tells me you will find a ready welcome at Christmas or any other time this winter. First of all, the Tollard Royal Hotel on the West Cliff, an hotel of charm and character if ever there was one. Notice its position, surely the best in all Bournemouth; notice the alert, smiling way in which porters, waiters, and chambermaids are eager to make your holiday a success; notice the spacious, well-furnished bedrooms, and, above all, notice the solarium on the roof of the hotel, which claims, I believe with truth, to be unique in the world. Here is an hotel which you will discover with delight and return to, like others, again and again.

But notice also this, that while I believe there is still a certain amount of accommodation available for Christmas this year, I am not committing a breach of confidence when I say that last year some 300 applications had to be turned down, so write early—and that is a rule to remember for all Christmas holidays.

Another place you must certainly bear in mind is the Norfolk Hotel, a very comfortable and well established rendezvous of good cheer which year in and year out is invariably popular with its clientele. This is a place which does its full share to maintain Bournemouth's high prestige as a winter resort.

But we must move on, for Bournemouth is not the only place where Christmas bookings are well ahead, and for the Londoner at least there is another place which, with or without reason, will always come to mind first in thinking of a seaside holiday—Brighton, the abode of kings and paupers, the most glamorous, the most variegated and in many ways the most exuberant of all south coast towns. Brighton is like London in more ways than one. Its most famous hotels are so well known that they need no introduction to the public, but there are many others which, if less well known, are no whit less good, and here, perhaps, I can give assistance in helping you to pick them.

I have written earlier this year of the new Dudley Hotel at Hove, and will not mention it now more than to remind my readers that Mr. and Mrs. Kung, its indefatigable Swiss proprietors, will be more than ever on the alert to make their Christmas a real success.

Another hotel in Hove is Sackville Court Hotel, and as this has only been open some five months it may be new to most readers of THE SPHERE. My advice is, do not be deterred by its youth, for if ever I saw an hotel more certainly destined for success I cannot remember it. Sackville Court has everything; perhaps its most noticeable features are the most attractive bedrooms imaginable and terms which are inclusive of even early morning tea or orange juice.

Nor must you forget the Sixty-Six Hotel, a strange phenomenon in Brighton, for, standing in the midst of the town, it is a country house hotel and surrounded by some acres of garden.

In one further point, too, Brighton resembles London in that there are plenty of people who desire to be close at hand to its gaiety and its hundred and one entertainments, but yet to be themselves in quieter and more rural surroundings. And Brighton makes this easy for them at the charming villages which cluster round her borders.

Rottingdean, for instance, for many years the mecca of literary and artistic people who love Sussex, boasts three places which in their different way add to its possibilities as a holiday haunt. First to be mentioned must be Tudor Close Hotel, claimed by many people to be the loveliest hotel in Sussex. Certainly it is a beauty spot both inside and out, but more than that it is an admirably managed hotel. You would never believe it to look at this charming cluster of old buildings that Tudor Close now boasts close on 100 bedrooms, and I can foresee that this winter they are going to be kept as busy as can be.

Apart from Tudor Close there is Newick House, a place which I discovered gladly some years ago, for it is an admirable guest house for those who prefer homely and comfortable surroundings to a definite hotel atmosphere. It overlooks the sea directly and the South Downs lie immediately behind it. Miss D. M. Smyth has built up here a wide clientele among those who appreciate good cooking, constant hot water and comfort too, three of life's most necessary joys. And thirdly I must mention briefly the White Horse Hotel. Very different from the others, it is frankly hotel-cum-public house, but it is well worth a visit as an example of how well some firms of brewers are to-day adapting their houses to modern conditions.

And lastly, no article about Brighton and its outskirts would be complete without some mention of the Ocean Hotel at Saltdean. A complete description of this new leviathan in the hotel world defies me. I can only say that it is unique in my experience and that anybody booking accommodation there is ensuring a marvellously full and energetic holiday. Its terms are most moderate for the value received, and for the Londoner who wishes to snatch a week-end at Christmas or any other time it is ideal. Why anybody should want to pay twenty or thirty pounds for a cruise when you can stay at the Ocean Hotel for as little as 4 guineas a week defeats me.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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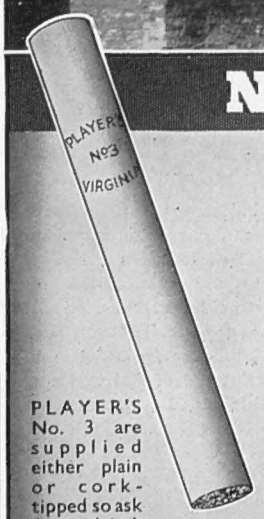

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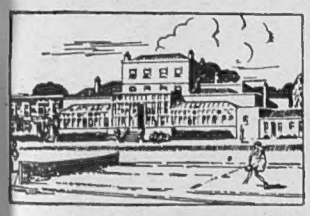

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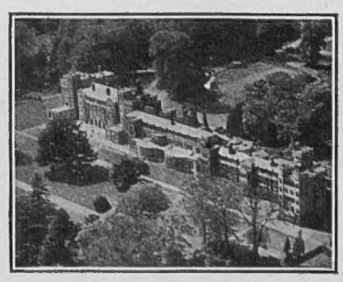

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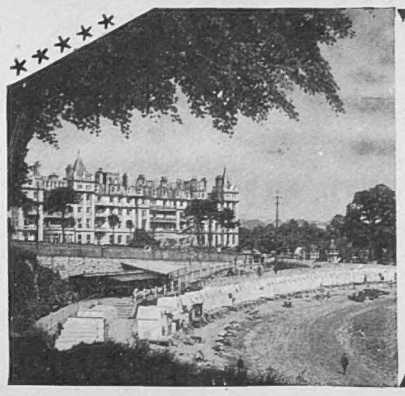

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The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor.—"Dalbeattie." Tel. 1492.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Royal Bath Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel. Tel. 42.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Mudeford (Hants.).—Avonmouth Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel

WALES

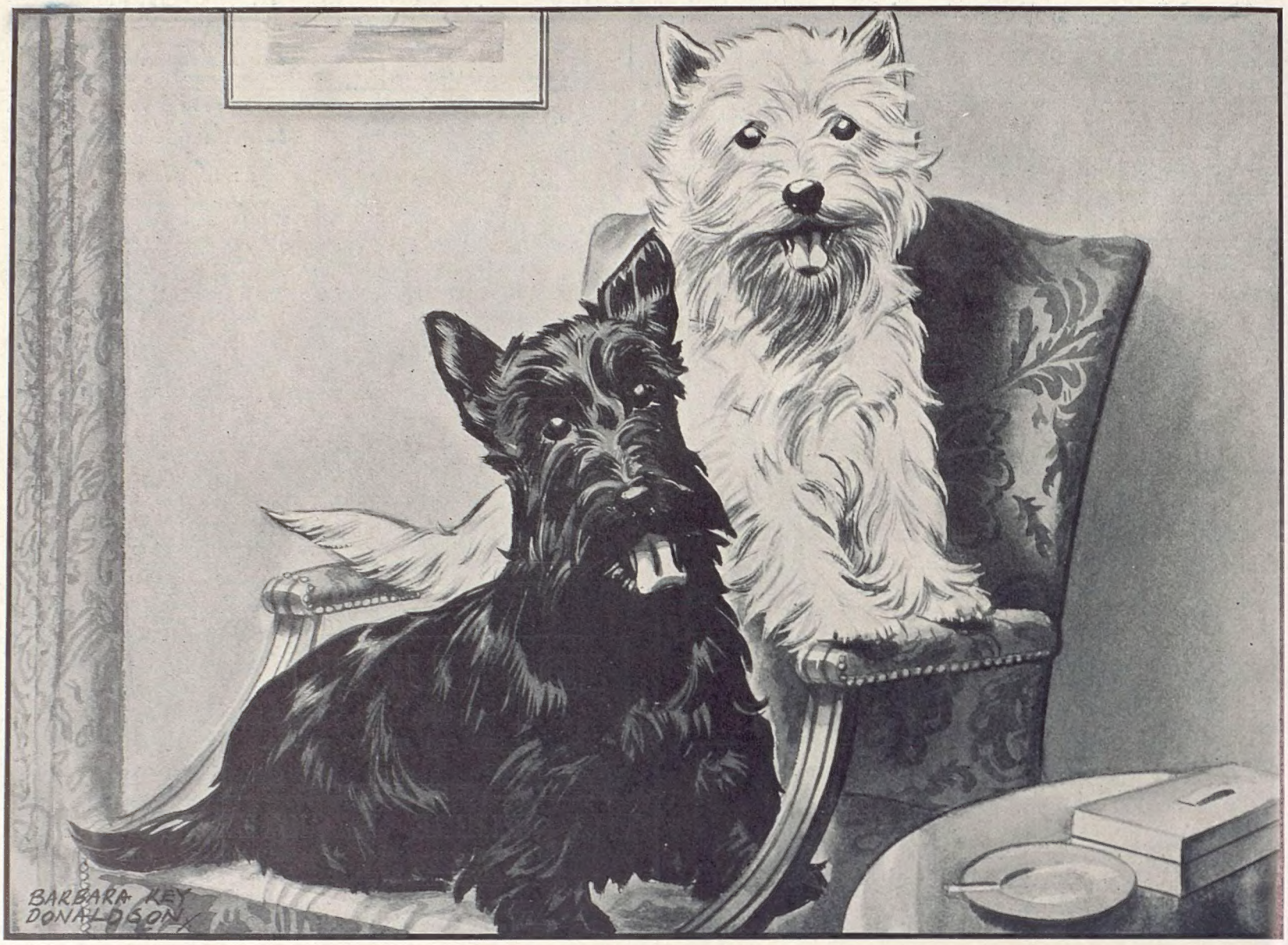
Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.



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